

Thos Jolley
1825



T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

4 AP 54

THE
F A L L
O F
TARQUIN.
A
TRAGEDY!

By W. H. Gent.

*Vis & Tarquinius Reges, animamque superbam
Ultoris Bruti, Fascesque videre receptos?*

Virg. Æneid. VI.

T O R K:

Printed by John White, and Sold at the
Star in Stone-gate, 1713.

Madam Bethel

R Y S E

IN THE



My
 attention to endeavour to illustrate
 ourselves, that it would be a kind of
 merits, which are so conspicuous in
 (standing upon your Personal Endow-
 deter me from the importance of
 his Consideration is of sufficient force
 on a sign-Post as in a Dedication.
 it would as soon see their Pictures
 named of the Mercenary Dawdling
 it, that Persons of real Merit are
 become such a Third-rate Sub-
 PISTOLARY Panegyrics are

Surah Bethel

TO
Madam Bethel,
OF
R Y S E,
IN THE
East-Riding of Yorkshire.

Madam,

EPISTOLARY Panegyricks are become such a Thread-bare Subject, that Persons of real Merit are ashamed of the Mercenary Dawbing, and would as soon see their Pictures upon a Sign-Post as in a Dedication. This Consideration is of sufficient Force to deter me from the Impertinence of discanting upon your Personal Endowments, which are so conspicuous in themselves, that it would be a kind of Detraction to endeavour to illustrate them. My

DEDICATION.

My Design therefore, Madam, is only to ask Pardon for the Liberty I take in presenting you with this Trifle, and to assure you that *Tarquin* shall with an entire Constancy submit to your Censures, and if he has the good Fortune to meet with your Approbation, he will be very little solicitous for those Cavils which the Splenatick and Injudicious may throw upon him.

That your Name may be as dear to Posterity as *Lucretia's*, and your Daughters (who are all as deserving as *Clelia*) may each of them be as compleatly Bless'd in the Possession of a faithful loving and glorious *Arrouce*, shall always be the hearty Prayer of,

Madam,

Your most Humble

and Devoted Servant,

Tor. July 27.

W. H.

D E D I C A T I O N

My Design therefore, Madam, is
only to ask Pardon for the Liberty I
take in presenting you with this Title;
and to assure you, that I shall
with an entire Confidence submit to
your Censure, and that I shall be
glad to receive your Advice, and
to be very much obliged to you
for that Advice which the Spectator
has given me.

P R E F A C E.

IT may perhaps be thought a Piece of
Indiscretion to expose in Print a
Drama which has never in the Re-
presentation presum'd beyond a Nor-
thern Theatre. But as my Design in
Composing it was only to give a Relish to
those Hours which were unemploy'd in
publick Business; so neither the Benefit
of a Third Night, nor the Ambition
which is almost essential to Pretenders
to Poetry could prevail upon me to run
the Risque of being canoniz'd by the Cri-
ticks, and perhaps damn'd for my Dul-
ness. The small Number which I have
suffer'd to undergo the Press, will I
hope have the good Fortune to fall into
such Hands as will use them tenderly;
for I have neither Assurance enough to
vindicate

THE PREFACE

vindicate my Errors, nor wou'd I be put to the Trouble of defending a Triste which was only design'd for my Diversion. My Intention in publishing it is very remote from reflecting upon that glorious Constitution with which Providence has bless'd us, and the Loyalty of my Heart flatters me with the Hopes that Tarquin will be read without an ill-natur'd Application. Some People have done me the Honour to think that Horatius and Herminius run upon a Pararallel with those excellent Characters of Marcus and Portius in Mr. Addison's Cato; but the Priority of Time in which this Tragedy appear'd upon the Stage, is sufficient to excuse me from being that Plagiary. I have not the Vanity to put any thing of mine in Competition with what Mr. Addison has wrote, but 'tis too severe to lye under the Lash of drawing so faint a Copy from so bright an Original. I shall say little to obviate the Faults which may be found with me for transgressing some of those Rules which have been fix'd by the Criticks, as the Standard of Dramatick

THE PREFACE.

matick Writings, for I always thought the Action and Manners were the most constituent Parts of Tragedy; and as to the first I have made choice of a Passage in History which is illustrious, intire, and terminates within the Compass of the Fifth Act; and I have done my Endeavour, with the Assistance of Friends, to sustain the several Characters, and make them correspond with the Accounts which the Historians of those Times have handed down to us. The Breach I have made through the Unities may more easily be pardon'd, when we reflect how little Shakespear has regarded them; and that Dryden (who knew how to judge as well as write) has left us very few Examples of the Respect he bore to them.

Those Gentlemen who have made Poetry their Study will be apt to look a squint at the indigested Performance, and think it unnecessary that I should thrust in with my Amusements to interfere with their Business; but the little Care of late some have taken to polish their Poems, make me bear up under

The P R E F A C E.

*under the same Excuse which Juvenal
(tho' with less Reason) made for himself,*

Misera est Clementia cum tot ubi-
que

Vatibus occurras periturae parcere

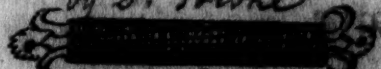
Charta.

P R O

which the same House of Commons
(the said House of Commons)

PROLOGUE.

by D. Towne



OFT has old Rome shone on the British Stage,
With Acts of Virtue which adorn'd that Age;
Oft have the pleas'd Spectators view'd each
Scene,

And felt the varying Passions Throb within,
With pitying Eyes beheld the Hero bleed,
Or Joy'd to see the buskin'd Captive freed.
Once more the Tragick Muse the Scene displays:
And speaks what Romans thought in Tarquin's
days.

Here Brutus, labouring in his Country's Cause
Stands fixt to Freedom, and maintains the Laws:
Whilst Tarquin glowing with despotick Sway,
Thro' Liberty and Laws bews out his way,
And Subjects victim'd fall the Tyrant's Prey,
Nor injur'd Justice, nor Remorse controuls.
The Lawless Monarch, Swift the Torrent rovs,
And Virtue fading damps on Roman Souls,
'Till daring Brutus obstinately brave,
With freeborn Grandeur spurns the Name of
Slave,

The generous Indignation of his Heart,
Shot thro' the gloomy Grief, and did impart
A Resolution to the drooping Throng,
And Freedom was the Theme of every Tongue.
Freedom that pleasing Sound can Joy inspire,
And warm the coldest Breast with active Fire;

Make

PROLOGUE.

Make Slumbering Virtue sparkle with disdain,
 And firm Resolution blight the feeble Pain.
 But when the Patriot lays the Father by,
 And the stern Consul doom's his Sons to die!
 What Eyes can look regardless of the Stroke?
 What Heart but panting feels the mighty Shock?
 O let such wonders with your Passions move,
 Follow the great Example you approve,
 Like Brutus prompted by a public Zeal,
 All private Interest from your Breasts repeal,
 Let every Statesman steady to his Trust,
 Be brave as Britans, and as Romans Just.

A Noble Man, afterwards
 Consul.

A Young discontented No-
 bleman.

A Banish'd Roman.

Son of Portia, King of
 Epirus, in Love with
 Clivia.

Friends to Portia.

Daughter of Clivia, in
 Love with Portia.

Officers, Guards, Servants, attendants.

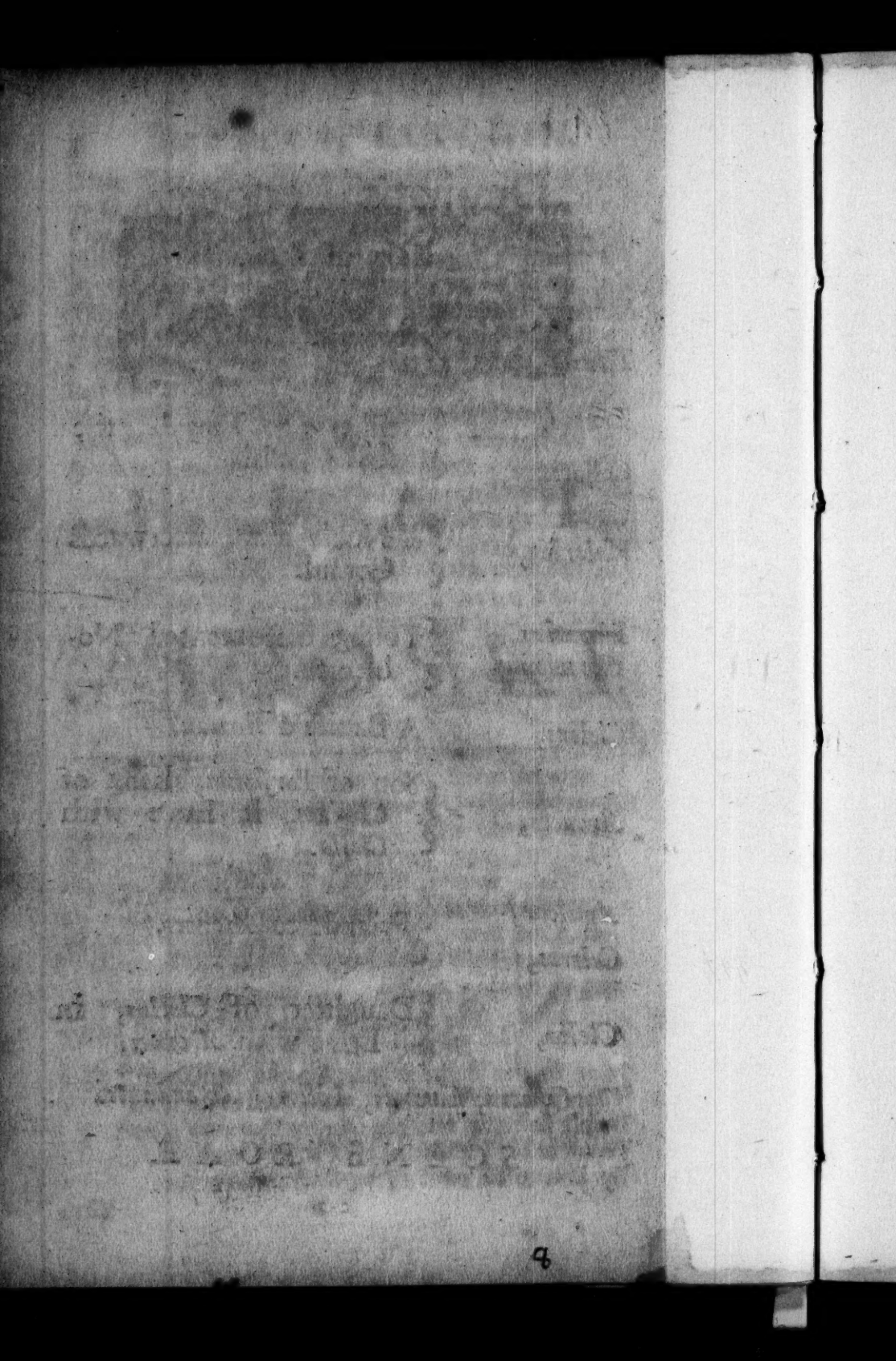
Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Tarquinius ,	King of Rome.
Seppius ,	His Sons.
Titus ,	
Brutus ,	Nephews to Tarquinius,
Collatinus ,	first Consuls.
Valerius ,	A Noble Man, afterwards Consul.
Horatius ,	Young discontented Noblemen.
Herminius ,	
Clelius ,	A Banish'd Roman.
Aronces ,	Son of Porfenna, King of Clusium, in Love with Clelia.
Amilcar ,	Friends to Aronces.
Celeres ,	
Clelia ,	Daughter of Clelius, in Love with Aronces.

Officers, Guards, Lictors, Attendants.

SCENE ROME.





THE
FALL
OF
TARQUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Walk by the River Tiber.

Enter Horatius and Herminius.

Hor. NOT that I fear the fiercest of his Frowns,
The wrinkl'd Furrows of his angry
Brows

May sooner strike whole Armies into Dread,
Than touch *Horatius's* Soul; but to be thus
Basely scorn'd, insulted o'er by *Tarquin's* Son,
Proud as his Father, as his Father cruel,
By him to be revil'd; ye Gods! 'tis more

B

Than

2 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Than *Romans* ought to bear.

Herm. And thus to see

Our Country's mournful Genius nearly touch'd,
Her Laws expiring, Liberties usurp'd,
And dastard Currents flow thro' *Roman* Veins,
Whilst injur'd Virtue deep in Dungeons lies,
Loaded with Chains, so far remote from Sight,
Ev'n fighting Sorrows cannot reach our Ears,
But buried in those vaulted Hollows,
Strike the damp Sides of the relenting Caves,
And still rebound with Ecchoes to themselves;
It pierces me so much, I can no more ———

Hor. How can we think that once our Fathers liv'd,
And see him live, by whose curst Hand they sell,
Him, who is now contriving our Destruction;
'Twas *Brutus* said, That we with him must fall,
And Madmen too may sometimes speak the Truth;
'Tis very hard, but where's the Remedy?
No room, *Herminius*, for a brave Revenge.

Herm. True, *Horatius*, we are defenceless,
And open lie to every blasting Frown;
So universal is the Tyrant's Pow'r,
None breath in *Rome* but own his Deity,
Own him the God, on whom their Lives depend.

Hor. But rather than meanly stoop, and fall beneath
The Grandeur of a *Roman* Soul, bravely I'll meet
The fatal Hour, and end it on my Sword;
But say, *Herminius*, is the Rumour true
Which steals in Whispers thro' the *Roman* Court?
Be that but true, there, there, I'll meet my Fate.

Herm. Then meet it there *Horatius*; read that,
Gives him a Paper.

And fly, fly eagerly to Arms,
With manly Resolution grasp thy Sword;
Read that, you'll find the Noble *Clelius* there.

Hor. reads.] Almost discover'd in the gen'rous
Task, yet I'll surprize the Pa-
lace unawares, and drag the Ty-
rant to a just Revenge.

And

The FALL of TARQUIN. 3

And is it thus? Then here's a brave Occasion
To serve our Country in the noblest Way;
Now you have wak'd the Slumb' rings of my Soul,
My drowly Virtue's rous'd, no longer she
Shall lie in an unthinking Lethargy:
My dear *Herminius*, I have often thought
On the sad State of *Rome*, as often griev'd
I lost my Father in my tender Years,
My Mother ravish'd from my longing Arms,
Whilst destitute of all Paternal Kindness,
The Tyrant's Nod supply'd a Parent's Smile;
Ev'n then the *Roman* play'd around my Heart,
My Infant Soul, proud of its Native Grandeur,
Smil'd at the Tyrant, and disdain'd his Boy;
But now a nobler Cause than private Wrongs,
The Cause of *Rome* do's loudly call for Vengeance;
O! I'm on Fire, I burn with fierce Disdain,
And the imprison'd Fury must have vent.

Clelius between the Scenes.

Herm. 'Twill be a pious, meritorious Treason,
To drive the bloody Tyrant from his Throne.

[*Enter Clelius.*

Clelius. How can it be? Is there such Virtue
left?

Let me embrace you, wear you at my Heart!

Herm. Hah! *Clelius.*

Hor. 'Tis sure the Will of Heav'n,
That *Rome*, its Darling *Rome*, shall now be freed,
And *Clelius* is the Messenger of Fate.
Look down ye Guardian Gods with awful Eyes,
Behold a purpled Villain fills our Throne,
Assist Propitious, whilst we fight your Cause,
The Cause of Virtue, Liberty and *Rome*;
O! I'm already in the noble Action,
My Soul springs forth to meet the base Usurper,
A generous Indignation strings each Nerve,
And gives redoubled Vigour to my Arm:
Now let me hug thee to my Breast my *Clelius*,
And then we'll part; your Letter has inform'd us

B 2

What's

4 The FALL of TARQUIN.

What's necessary to be done, and at the Alarm
We'll give you Entrance at the *Clusian* Portal,
And join your Forces with the Royal Guards.

Clelius. Then let's away, and if our Arms shall
fail,

Rather than fall into the Tyrant's Pow'r,
I'll give my Sword these poor Remains of Life.

Herm. Let's instantly about the great Design,
Yours be the Glory, and the Danger mine.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

*Enter Tarquin, and Tullia Seated on a Throne
with Titus, Guards and Attendants.*

Tarq. A Soul like mine shoots on beyond Delays,
Quick as my Thoughts, and noble as my Mind;
Are all my Actions steer'd? Death hew'd the Way,
Blood was our reeking Pavement to the Throne,
Rome's self did shake, dull Nature stood amaz'd,
And universal Horror seiz'd Mankind;
So when our peaceful thoughtless Fathers fell,
Th' astonish'd Senate trembling for their Safety,
Fled to the Guardian Altars of the Gods,
And to those Gods we sacrific'd their Blood,
The surest, noblest Cement of a Throne.

Tul. 'Twas Hero like, to have a ravish'd Crown
Streaming with Blood, and gorgeously beset
With Royal Deaths.

Tarq. Oh my Virago!

Juno, Bellona, to thy *Mars* and *Jove*,
Tell me my Goddess, are ten thousand Lives
More than the quiet Safety of our Throne?
All those shall in one Ruin surely fall,
Who dare oppose the Growing of our Pow'r.

Tul. Bravely resolv'd, now my Love grows upon
me,

And

The FALL of TARQUIN. 5

And I cou'd hug eternally my *Tarquin*,
 I thank thee Fate, that I am *Tarquin's Wife*,
 Each awful Word the God-like Man breaths forth,
 Drives Pity hence, that Female Darling Fity:
 Methinks already I with Joy behold
 My steady Arms courageously imbru'd
 In a large Sea of bleeding Traytor's Gore;
 Now to remove the chiefest of our Fears,
Horatius and *Herminius* I'll secure,
 I've sent already, and expect 'em here;
 The Youths are brave indeed beyond their Years,
 And by their late Deportment I suspect
 Some Discontent is breeding, and Revenge
 May prompt their daring Courage to attempt
 Some bolder Enterprize; 'tis the best way
 To nip them in the Bud, before Experience
 Can direct their Pow'r, they are too well belov'd.

Targ. Therefore I can't resolve till they're secur'd,
 I know they are belov'd, nay doted on
 By the Remains of the unthinking Senate.

Tul. Rather than be disturb'd with the least
 Fear,
 At once strike home, and reach 'em all.

Tit. The Attempt may prove too dangerous and
 rash,
 Once use the People with an head-strong Fury,
 I know they'll envy, and they'll hate your Pow'r.

Tul. Let 'em hate on, if while they hate, they
 fear,
 Crowns got by Arms, by Arms must be maintain'd.

Tit. But you must have some fair Pretence at
 least,
 To shade your purpose from the prying World;
 On Monarch's Actions thousand Eyes are fix'd;
 You must be sure to guild your black Designs,
 That they appear all bright to th' gazing People,
 For if they find a Blemish in your Sun,
 They'll think the darken'd Meteor do's portend.

6 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Some dire Event, and Arm for their Defence.

Targ. Well then, their Banishment shall serve ;
And that's resolv'd.

Tul. Let 'em be but remov'd,
I ask no more ; see here they come,
How holdly they approach, we must retire.

Exeunt Tullia and Titus.

*Enter Horatius and Herminius with their Swords
drawn, surrounded with Guards.*

Hor. Go bind your Slaves, for we were ever free ;
Souls which are fix'd to Virtue's steady Bounds,
Unmov'd upon its solid Basis stand,
Attack'd by Tyranny in Storms of State ;
'Twas thus our glorious Fathers bravely soar'd,
And Merit plac'd 'em with their Kindred-Gods :
Thus we their Sons proud of their great Example,
And blazing with Hereditary Virtue,
Can tread sedate the glorious Paths they've shown.

Targ. 'Tis neither Time, nor Place
For Insolence, I shall not answer Boys ;
Disarm 'em Guards, if ye resist, ye die.

Herm. Our Infancy has born thy Yoke too long,
But now our riper Years disdain thy Pow'r.

Hor. That's nobly spoke, *Herminius*, yes, we'll
die ;

And *Tarquin* know our Virtues shall out-shine,
(Shall in the closing of our Fate obscure)
The brightest Pomp thy barbarous Court can boast.

Targ. Guards ! seize them both, and force their
Swords :

Die, so you shall, but when, and how I please.

Hor. Not so, this Hand by Heaven is decreed —

Targ. To work its own Destruction — [*They
fight, Hor. and Herm. are disarm'd.*]

Hor. Curse on our niggard Stars ;
Base Villains ! why so sparing of your Blows,
Cou'd you not make one Thrust and pierce my Soul ?
No,

The FALL of TARQUIN. 7

No, *Tarquin*! dost think we'll basely beg our Lives?
Say we've offended, on our Knees implore
Thy Pardon—Not Dungeons, Whips, nor Wheels,
Nor all the Pangs of a convulsive Death.
Shall bend us to degenerate into Softness.

Targ. If you so earnestly desire to die,
Then Death you'll swallow with a pleasing Gust;
No, you shall live; shall live, but far from *Rome*;
Shall live to hear the Glories of my Reign.

Herm. Rather than live, we will deserve our
Deaths;

Tho' thou secure us in thy strongest Holds,
We'll think by Day, and dream Revenge by Night.

Targ. Your Doom's resolv'd, too gentle for your
Crimes;

Hence from my Sight, and into Exile ever.

Exit Tarquin and Guards.

Hor. Ah, *Rome*! we mourn thy Fate, and grieve
to see

Such a long Train of crowding Miseries,
Ready to plunge thy last Remains to Ruin:
These sad Idea's vex my panting Soul;
Curse on his Clemency, is Death deny'd us?
Oh, *Clelius*! now my Thoughts return to thee,
We cannot help thee in thy great Design.

Herm. We can't indeed! the Powers above for-
bid;

But since reflecting on our Country's Cause,
So deeply moves the Shootings of our Hearts,
Let's turn the Tide of Thought another way;
Let's ruminate on this, that Death must come
In spite of Opposition; and tho' a late,
'Twill be a sure Relief.

Hor. But hold, *Herminius*; *Pausing.*
Methinks there's something whispers to my Breast,
That we must either live, or *Rome* must fall.
Sure 'tis our Country's Genius bids us live.
I take the Inspiration on my Knees; *In a Tran-*

sport.
Kneel

8 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Kneel low, *Herminius*, kneel, and we will live,
And see the Tyrant tumbled from his Throne,
Ask Aid of all the Neighbouring Princes round
him,

And be by all deny'd, till mad with Frensy;
And desperate in his Grief, shall raging die,
By none lamented, fall his Country's Curse,
And Shame of his great Race.

Now rise, my Friend, methinks I'm more at large,
And my pleas'd Soul broods on the future Hope.

Herm. Let's then embrace
Our Banishment, once more put on the Man,
With Patience wait the Justice of the Gods,
For surely they are just, and will revenge
Their injur'd Laws on the Offender's Head:
Hence to *Ardea* let us bend our Way,
The sacred Refuge of the *Roman* Exiles.

Hor. Then let's away, these melancholly Thoughts
Create in us some new Desires of Death;
Tho' we refuse when Tyrants bid us live,
We can't reject a Life the Gods do give.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE III.

The Chamber continues.

Enter Tarquin and Tullia.

Targ. Well! now they're gone, to see the hot-
brain'd Youths
Provoke their Deaths, and urge me to their Fate;
But I was calm, and smil'd upon their Rage,
Pleas'd that they were so steady to their Fate,
And by a brave imperious Unconcern,
Did cut 'em deeper than my Sword could reach.
An Alarm within.

With

The FALL of TARQUIN. 9

What impious Shouts are those? dare Subjects
breath

Offensive saucy Sounds when Monarch's hear?

Tul. The head-strong Rabble quickly are alarm'd,
If you but buz Religion in their Ears,
Or buoy 'em up with Liberty's Pretence.

Enter Sextus hastily.

Sextus. The People arm'd before the Palace Walls,
Throng to the Gates, and resolute in Rage,
Demand and vow an Entrance, or your Selves
Surrender'd to their Fury.

Targ. Make haste and mount
The Ramparts, thence with more artful Courage
Quell the unruly Tempest of their Rage.

Tul. Patience, my Lord, they cannot long oppose
The experienc'd Valour of our Guards.

Targ. But whilst at distance they engage our
Walls,

Their Numbers may encrease, and warm
Their short-liv'd Fury into Resolution;
But to prevent this Ill you must not stay,
A General never shou'd his Time delay.

Sex. No more will I. Now Honour calls
away.

Exeunt Omnes.

[A Noise of Fighting, after a Charge
is sounded; the Scene opens, and
discovers Clelius in Disguise, with
his Party retiring before Tarquin
and Sextus.]

Clelius. Where's *Horatius* now? Sure I'm be-
tray'd!

Enter Tarquin and Sextus.

Sex. Now, Royal Sir, the factious Crowd's your
own,

Wind

10 *The FALL of TARQUIN.*

Wind 'em which way you please, they're plyable ;
For Conquest always guides the giddy Mob.
How shall the Prisoners be dispos'd of ?

Tarq. What Senators are taken in the Fray,
Banish the Kingdom ; but to the rest, we
Grant 'em Liberty — *Sextus* your Courage
Deserves more than Rewards can recompence.

Sex. Your Smiles, great Sir, more than reward
my Pains,
All I can boast of I derive from You ;
Your brave Example fir'd my unsledg'd Soul,
And prun'd my awkward Courage for the Com-
bate ;

Were you to lead our Armies out to fight,
I'd on, tho' Thunder's loudest Voice forbad ;
Tho' brawny *Cyclops* did oppose my Passage,
And guard with vengeful Flames their smoaky
Cells,

I'd on, and snatch the glowing Balls, and roll
'Em on our Foes, a *Roman* and your Son.

Tarq. Your generous Soul imagines noble Flights,
Worthy my Son to dare, and *Romans* ask.

Enter Tullia in a Rage.

Tul. Is n't *Ardea* in League with us ?

Tarq. Yes, 'tis.

Tul. Then the perfidious Town has broke its
Faith ;

Just now I was inform'd they have receiv'd
Clelius and other Exiles of our Realm ;

Nay, promis'd 'em Protection from our Arms.

Tarq. Protect our Enemies, by *Jove* ! I'll right
my self,

And from their faithless Veins will suck a full

And swift Revenge: *Sextus*, the Army is

Your Charge, haste thither, haste with Fire and
Sword ;

Accept no Treaty, not the Town, till by

Your

The FALL of TARQUIN. II

Your Arms 'tis gain'd.

Sex. Now shall my Conqu'ring Arm
Deal Deaths around, who dares oppose me?
The vigorous Strength my Youth can boast,
Speaks me your Son, and *Roman* too.

Targ. Go then, my Son, and gloriously return,
With early Conquest brooding on thy Sword;
And as thy Youth shoots up, and springs to Man,
So may'st thou raise an Empire to thy self,
Great as thy daring Soul can fill.

Sex. Be that
The World, as I'm a *Roman*, this Sword shall
Ne'er be sheath'd, whilst there's a Nation able
To oppose the Pow'r of my Victorious Arms.

Tul. There spake my Son, my self I mean, in
that
More God-like Image, Man.

'Twas from these Breasts the Royal Infant drew
Those noble Passions which adorn his Soul.

Sex. This Ev'ning I'll surprize the Town, and
then

The Morning Watch shall bring you our Success.

Tul. May Fortune kindly guard your brave
Attempt.

Targ. And crown our Arms with glorious Vi-
ctory.

*My tow'ring Soul no Human Law shall own,
The Sword that gave shall still protect my Throne.
Excunt Omnes.*

ACT

12 *The FALL of TARQUIN.*

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Royal Chamber.

Enter Tarquin and Tullia.

Tarq. **A**mbition, *Tullia*, God-like Ambition
Wings my Soul, methinks I envy *Jove*,
Why can't these Arms the cracking Thunder hurl?
This Head can nod, and speak poor Mortals dead,
What more can *Jove*? And you my *Juno*,
Sister, and Consort of your Hero's Bed.

Tul. And of his Crowns, believe me, I've the
Soul
Of a true *Roman*, cou'd your great Mind
Dart thro' the Clouds, and pierce the Chrystal
Heav'ns,
Mine shou'd o'ertake you in your God-like Flight,
Bear you a Sphere above the Throne of *Jove*,
And I wou'd be next you.

Tarq. And when the Urn
Receives the Sacred Ashes of our Bones,
Our Souls shall mount thro' ev'ry Orb of Stars,
And boldly crow'd among the wond'ring Gods,
That they amaz'd at our Divinity,
Shall bow and crouch beneath our awful Nod,
Abdicate their Celestial Palaces,
And leave their glorious Seats to *Romans*.

Tul. This Globe of Earth's too narrow for our
Minds,
Sure we were meant Divine, our gen'rous Souls
Sprung from the noblest Stars, have gently shot
Such vigorous Brightness from themselves, as drove
The frighted Clouds from underneath their Light,
Then

The FALL of TARQUIN. 13

Then darted down like Lightning to the Earth,
And wrap'd their airy Forms in Royal Clay.

Enter Amilcar, with Aronces and Celeres.

Amil. These noble Strangers lately come to *Rome*,
Offer their Service to your Majesties.

Tarq. Welcome to all the Pleasures of our Court,
For Ease and Pleasures only here are known,
Dangers and War are to the Field confin'd.

Aron. Monarchs have Cares too many for their
Rest,

And Pleasures only can allay those Storms ;
But let the Youths who are not yea'd to Cares,
Who frisk about with easy Unconcern,
Let them endure the harsh Fatigues of War ;
Their's 'tis to Sweat, and grind the dusty Plain ;
But let the Pillars of a State divert,
The anxious Labours of an hurried Mind,
With all the Pleasures gaudy Art affords.

Tul. 'Tis just some Pleasures should on Monarchs
wait,
'Tis all they get by being Slaves to State.

*Enter Officer with Prisoners, among whom Clelia
veil'd.*

Offic. Some from *Ardea* taken in our March.

Tarq. Relate the manner ; did they quickly yeild,
Or crown our Arms with hard-got Victory ?

Offic. As we approach'd the Continues of the
Town,

We saw some Chariots sporting on the Plain ;
I by the Prince was instantly dispatch'd,
To learn who those in glitt'ring Armour were :
At our Approach the Chariots staid their Course,
And *Clelius* was the Man.

Tarq. *Clelius* the Man ; on then, and speak my
Hopes.

C

Offic.

14 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Offic. Too well I knew, but did demand his Name;

He boldly told; I summon'd him to yeild;
At his Command the Drivers turn'd the Rains,
And with an eager Course plow'd up the Ground;
But we pursuing them with swifter Speed,
They loos'd their foaming Horses from the Poles,
And mounted in their Armour; once more we
Summon'd 'em to yield, once more they did refuse,
And then began the Fight.

Tarq. And *Clelius* fell.

Offic. Like generous Lyons, when press'd hard at Bay,

They roar'd among our Men, their Swords destroy'd
Whate'er approach'd the Fury of their Flight;
Still did they fight, and fighting still retreat;
And tho' their Courage could not win the Field,
Yet to the Town they cut their eager Way;
These we brought off.

Tarq. Cou'd *Clelius* then escape? [*They walk round the Prisoners.*]

Tul. How durst thou Name him unless Dead?

Aron. Oh! 'tis her self; what must I do, *Amilcar*?

Speak, or my *Clelia* meets her certain Death;

Speak, or my Sword must ———

Amil. Forbear, dear Sir, you'll ruin her your self,
No more but second me.

Tarq. Unveil the Women. [*Clelia, &c. unveil, Amilcar runs to her.*]

Amil. Hah! *Lindamira*!

Tarq. Know you these Captives?

Clelia. I must conform my Words to his; I see
Aside.

Aronces here.

Tarq. Speak Damsel, whence are you?

Clelia. Trav'ling from *Carthage*, for *Carthage*
is my Home,

With these the Partners of my captiv'd Lot;

We

The FALL of TARQUIN. 15

We visited most Places of Remark,
Till (but we hope not fatally) we reach'd
Ardea's Walls; whence, after some Days stay,
We set for *Rome*, but not as Prisoners.
Some noble *Romans* brought us on our Way,
Till by a strange Surprize we chang'd our Guides,
Yet may as Strangers hope our Liberty.

Tarq. Oh! she's Divine, most gloriously Divine!
Aside.

What Alteration feel I in my Soul?

Amil. A Stranger, Royal Sir, may claim Protection,

And she's a Stranger to the *Roman* Court,
Unknown, and Friendless; Clemency like yours
Delights to give Relief to the Distress'd.

Exert that Clemency, and speak her Freedom;
The Brave are always tender of the Fair,
And Innocence like hers demands Esteem.

Tul. Why fled she then so fast at our Approach?
Flight betrays Fear, and Fear must have its Cause.

Amil. Her Guilt you cannot from her Flight conclude,

The Innocent may fly, when so pursu'd.

Tarq. Your Arguments are vain, she shall not go,
Her Guide was *Clelius*; that's sufficient Crime.

Aron. If I may intercede——

Tarq. I'll hear no more; she must not, shall not go.

Yet her Confinement for your sakes shall be
Easy and large, and you shall have Access:
What weak Pretences blinded Reason makes;
'Tis not my Anger, but my Love detains her.

Aside.

Amilicar, follow with your Friends.

Exeunt Tarquin, Tullia, Titus,
Clelia, Prisoners and Guards.

16 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Continue Aronces and Amilcar.

↓ *Aron.* Thus to be cross'd, and strip'd of all my Hopes,

Those Lovers Hopes that smil'd upon my Breast,
To find my *Clelia* in a Tyrant's Power ;
Snatch'd from her exil'd Parents by that Sword,
Which proudly forc'd 'em from their Native Soil,
Disturbs my Soul, and works it up to Rage ;
But when my Mind in pleasing Thoughts returns
To all the Virgin Pleasures of our Loves,
Then are my Passions charm'd to slumb'ring Calms ;
They're hush'd indeed, but long they cannot sleep,
Those Thoughts that laid can raise my Passions too,
Each sad Reflection on my hopeless Joys,
On vanish'd Charms, and fancy'd Charms to come,
Lends me a Wing, and urges on my Fury.

Amil. I know, my Lord, you have sufficient cause——

Aron. Sufficient Cause ! and can I rage enough ?
How can I think that such Divinity
Must mourn beneath the slavish Weight of Chains ?
Can I think this ? and still look tamely on ?
No more, this Moment will I break her Bonds,
And give the gen'rous Maid her Native Freedom.

Amil. Let not, my Lord, your thoughtless Rage
oppress,
More useful Reason, we are yet unknown ;
The raging Sallies of a frantick Love
May fix a Bar unto your hop'd Success :
Tyrants are jealous of a Rival's Flame,
And this untemper'd Heat too plain will shew
How nearly *Clelia* hangs about your Heart ;
Resume your self once more, again be calm,
Or *Clelia's* is irrevocably lost.

Aron. What Methods then can Reason urge, or
how,
How can we wrest her from the curs'd Confinement ?
But

The FALL of TARQUIN. 17

But by an Arm proportion'd to his Power ;
By Rage, Revenge, by every urging Thought ;
Fury, Despair, Impatience can awake.

Amil. Patience, my Lord, for *Tarquin* won't be
brav'd ;

Pray be advis'd, and let's repair to Court,
Perhaps we may find Means for her Escape.

Aron. Oh my *Amilcar* ! oh my better Genius !
How shall I thank you for this mighty Good ?

Amil. Serving *Aronces* do's reward it self.

Aron. How can his Aims but in his Wishes end,
Who has so gen'rous and so brave a Friend.

Embraces him.

Amil. Thus link'd in Friendship's Bonds on you
I'll wait,

Thro' all the Labyrinths of Love and Fate.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Scene continues.

Enter Horatius and Herminius.

Hor. Once more I'm come to view this loathsome
Place,
That swells with Tides of overflowing Ills ;
Can you, *Herminius*, cast your Eyes on *Rome*,
And call it *Rome* ? thus chang'd from what it was ;
Rome was, but oh the sad Remembrance !

Herm. *Rome* was the glorious Seat of *Roman* Vir-
tue,
But then she breath'd another Soul than now.

Hor. Oh ! name not Now, for that sad Now im-
plies,
What will defile a *Roman's* purer Thoughts ;
No more of this ungrateful Scene of Woe,
There still are some who wear a *Roman* Soul,
And wish their Country's Liberty restor'd ;
But that must be the wondrous Works of Heav'n,
Herm.

18 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Herm. Yet Man must be the Agent. 'Tis a noble Deed,

Worthy our bravest Daring to attempt.

O! cou'd we rush in Arms upon the Tyrant,

Our Wrongs wou'd urge us through th' embattled Squadrons;

But unassisted, Friendless, and forlorn,

In vain we shall oppose the ponderous Blow,

And sink into Perdition——

Surely the Cause must justify the Means,

And a disguis'd Obedience wou'd be Virtue;

But we are *Romans*——

Hor. *Romans*! and shall we lose that Name?

To be a *Roman*, Gods! I prize it more,

Than all the Blessings else you can bestow.

Herm. I doubt not brave *Horatius*, but your Soul

Will yield to any honourable Means;

But shou'd you stoop a little lower still,

'Tis to restore your Country's Liberty;

That's such a noble, such a gen'rous Deed,

As each succeeding Age will loudly sing

Triumphant in your Praise.

Hor. Well, if *Herminius*

Urges it so home, and with such artful Phrase

Beautifies a Crime, what can I think?

Herm. Think not that I, but think the Gods in me

Utter'd those Transports from a zealous Breast,

We may use Craft when in so just a Cause;

Let us then stoop and counterfeit Submission,

Seem Suppliants, and adore his Power and State.

Hor. Feign a Submission, Heav'n's forbid! can I

Cringe to the Man my calmest Thoughts abhor?

To One who has laid the Name of *Roman* by;

To One——

Herm. I see you're mov'd, you seem to me to start,

And a disdainful Blush spreads o'er your Face

And speaks your Anger; but consider, Sir,

Is not your *Clelia* Captive to the King? How

The FALL of TARQUIN. 19

How can we save her from approaching Death,
Unless ——— Tarquin *appears*.
Hah! behold he comes, shall we away?

Hor. No.

Herm. Then be advis'd, and second my Design.

Enter Tarquin, Aronces, and Amilcar, as crossing the Stage.

Hor. *Aronce's* here! we must not know him now.
Aside.

Tarq. Who are these?

Hor. *Romans.*

Tarq. Hah! *Horatius.*

Hor. Yes, I'm *Horatius*; there's *Herminius* too.

Herm. We are not hither come to hide our Heads,
Obscurely lurking from the publick View;
Tho' under Exile and estrang'd to *Rome*,
We dare you see return.

Tarq. Return, and thus confront your-Sovereign;

Was ever Insolence so bold as this?

Herm. Not Insolent, great Sir, but we are come,
Come, yet as *Romans* ought, are fearless come,
And at your Feet do humbly lay our Swords,
And with our Swords surrender too our Lives:
Perhaps, dread Sir, we cannot Cringe and Bow,
Low as a fawning Pander of your Court;
Yet with a Rev'rence due to Majesty,
We own we have provok'd you to our Deaths;
And if you can, when thus provok'd, forgive,
How can we make you a Return sufficient,
Unless by off'ring you the Lives you gave?
Our Lives and Services be ever yours.

Both kneeling.

Hor. Passions surmounting Reason vainly fly,
And vent at Random what their Fury prompts;
I was indeed to blame, so were we both,

Yet

20 *The FALL of* TARQUIN.

Yet I was most, for I did most offend :
But when my Reason did assist my Thoughts,
When I reflected on th' indecent Scene,
How did I then severely charge my self ;
Nor wou'd I Pardon what my Rage had done,
Tho' Stranger to the Cause, why we were seiz'd.

Tarq. Be all asleep, and silent as Oblivion ;
Such a Submission, and so nobly born,
Displays a Soul which Reigns enthron'd
Above the common Sphere ; with Joy I pardon you,
And will use your Swords.

Hor. Once then, once more
In *Rome's* Defence our Swords shall be employ'd.

Herm. How shall we bend in humble Thanks so
low,
As you have rais'd us high beyond our Hopes ?

Tarq. Hast thou, *Horatius*, and with *Sextus*
share,
In all the Glories of *Ardea's* Siege.
To you, *Herminius*, I appoint my Guards,
And all the Troops that lie within the Walls.

Both bow.

Hor. I can't be there too soon, 'tis Honour's Call,
I am resolv'd to Conquer, or to Fall.

Exeunt Horatius and Herminius.

Tarq. Credulous Honesty !
Because they speak sincerely as they mean,
They think that I too am sincere as they :
No, I repent me that they live so long,
I'll serve my Ends, their Swords may be of use,
And then ———

*A Monarch's awful Mind shou'd gently Rule,
Firm to Command, impatient of Controul ;
For he that wou'd a glorious Crown secure,
Must fortify't with Blood to make it sure :
But Kings whose Will pretended Law restrains,
Are only Royal Slaves, and Rule in Chains.*

Exit Tarquin.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Clelia's Apartment.

Enter Clelia alone very sorrowful.

Clelia. Were I the foulest Creature of my Sex;
Had these Hands dip'd in my own Father's Blood,
And stain'd with all the Guilt which *Tullia* boasts,
Surely 'twou'd pose the much offended Gods,
To strike my Crimes with a more heavy Curse.
Snatch'd from the sweet Indearments of my Parents,
And by that Tyrant too, who breaths Revenge,
And vents his Threats against my Father's Life:
Yet I with Ease can bear these mighty Storms,
And laugh at all the Blust' rings of their Rage:
But if I faint, then fly, oh fly my Soul!
And don't deceive me with a seeming Death,
Lovers distress'd shall meet thee in thy Flight,
And bear thee to their pleasing Solitudes,
To hear the mournful Stories of thy Love;
But thou in Slumbers dream thy Cares away.
Hold then my Heart, until I have declar'd
My miserable Case. *Enter Aronces.*

My dear *Aronces*, art thou come?
Come to thy *Clelia*, to her last Farewel.

Aron. Thy last Farewel, what means my Fairest,
To veil her Beauties in a Cloud of Grief?

Clelia. Oh my *Aronces*! so heavy are my Affli-
ctions grown,
My drooping Spirits cannot bear the Weight;
But speak my Woes in mournful Sighs and Tears;
Come Death, and welcome, my *Aronces* come,
Your *Clelia* help to grieve, and help to die.

Aron. Die! oh! you pierce my fainting Soul, to
see

You

22 The FALL of TARQUIN.

You grieve, I am more than half expir'd ;
 Oh ! Name no more that so ungrateful Sound,
 Let me bear all your vast Afflictions Weight,
 And live, live happy ever, *Clelia* live,
 Tell me your Grief that I may seek a Remedy.

Clelia. There's none *Aronces*, there is none but
 Death.

Aron. Why do you grieve, and do not tell me
 why ?

Methinks,
 Our Souls being one, shou'd sympathize in all,
 And bear an equal Share in eithers Grief.

Clelia. You may count up a num'rous Sum of
 Woes,

And yet fall short, fall vastly short of mine ;
 But can I ? can my fault'ring Tongue
 Declare the Cause, the Bane of all our Bliss ?
 Can I then tell you that the Tyrant — No,
 Ah no ! my Spirit cannot bear the Sound ;
 The Tyrant, Tyrant, oh ! 'tis stifled there,
 And what's to follow cannot break its way.

Aron. Thus Men in Trantsports of some sudden
 Joy

Dwell on a Word, and cannot speak the rest ;
 How wretched then, how miserable you,
 Who can't relate your melancholly Case ?
 Grief swells you up, and drowns the struggling Words,
 And only Tyrant can escape the Flood :
 What of the Tyrant ? dost thou know the Truth ?
 And has he then decreed my *Clelia's* Death ?

Clelia. Death ! that's a Blessing which I dare not
 Hope ;

No, there's no such Conclusion of my Woes,
 Wou'd Heav'n grant it, that shou'd be my Prayer.

Aron. Oh ! how you shake and terrify my Soul,
 What greater Curse can be to Hopes than Death ?

Clelia. Why wou'd you know what wou'd destroy
 your Rest,

Let it be ever buried in my Breast ?

Aron.

The FALL of TARQUIN. 23

Aron. Why wou'd you say so much, and not proceed?

Since I must grieve, pray let me know the Cause?

Clelia. Thus Man is curious to his own Destruction;

Searching a Cause, will break his Peace for ever,
I cannot, dare not tell you.

Enter Amilcar.

Aron. What are you come to join the mournful Choir?

And share a friendly Portion of our Woes?

Amil. I come indeed to fill the gloomy Scene,
Perhaps increase the Sadness of it too;
What I must say, I know will both offend.

Aron. Speak it, if from the Tyrant you are come,
Freely declare his Mandate undisguis'd;
I know he sent the Message with a Frown.

Amil. No, but a Smile more dreadful than his Frown,
Sends me to *Clelia* in a Fit of Love.

Clelia. Ah! what have you said? he knew it not before;

Stifle the rest, torment not him and me.

Aron. Now 'tis too late, what Love! Confusion!
Love!

Hurl him with pointed Bolts, O mighty Jove!
Deep, deep as Hell, and forge new Torments for him.

Clelia. Oh don't I pray, do not thus wildly rave,
'Tis useless all, indeed 'tis all in vain.

Aron. By their own boist'rous Surges's Noise awak'd,
Calm rugged Waves, and charm loud Storms to sleep.

Clelia. Rage then no more, let Reason rule your Mind,

The Gods design your *Clelia* miserable; but
Worthy her self she still will bear her Fate,
And equally regard his Love or Hate.

Amil. Expel the Poison by a second Draught,
What's to come may ———

Aron.

24 *The FALL of TARQUIN.*

Aron. I hope the best; proceed, *Amilcar*, do,
The rankest Poison may afford a Cure,
And Good may from the greatest Evil flow.

Amil. When still in vain *Tarquin* had smil'd his
Love,

And he perceiv'd his Merits, she despis'd;
He offer'd Empire, she with disdain refus'd;
Nay, durst command his Person from her Sight,
Yet since he still desires to win her Love,
With the Endearments of a mutual Kindness;
Me he has sent his Advocate.

Clelia. His Advocate;
You'd better said his Messenger of Death.

Aron. Ye Pow'rs above! what Prodigies are these?
But still proceed, my Rage will then be ripe.

Amil. He bid me use the most obliging Terms,
And call'd himself her Slave, her *Tarquin*;
Desires she wou'd injoin him some Command,
To prove the Flame her Charms have rais'd.

Clelia. I then command my Liberty to go;
But if he still will haunt me with his Love,
I'll surely fall a Victim to your Shrine. To *Aron.*

Aron. Then let us both our Shares of Sorrows
take,
And both be wretched for each others sake.

Clelia. Night wears apace, then let's retire to
Rest;

But oh! what Rest to Lover's waking Eyes?
Bear the adoring Tyrant my Command. To *Amil.*

Amil. 'Twill thwart his Hopes, and damp his airy
Joys,
He thinks his Merits cannot be withstood.

Aron. Yes, and his Pow'r, your Liberty's my
Care. To *Clelia.*

*For Captive Love, and in a Rival's Chain,
Gives double Joy when freed, now double Pain.*

Exeunt Omnes.

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Walk by the River Tiber.

Enter Aronces and Herminius.

Herm. And ought we to forgo the prosp'rous
Hour,
That seems mark'd out by Heav'n for our Design?
Long has the Tyrant born th' Imperial Sway,
Enrich'd himself with plunder'd Senate's Wealth,
And now his Sons ———

Enter Brutus.

Brut. What of his Son? whose Sons? Hark ye
my Friends, they say the Planets are disturb'd in
their Conjunction; and *Vulcan* came just in the
Nick, when *Mars* was making him a Monster.
Why, Faith, Fathers tug hard at the Oar, Mothers
swell with Propagation, and Brats are born just
as they us'd to be. Hah! I cou'd make you mer-
ry; but 'tis a sad Time when Fathers eat their
Off-spring. Well, I'll not tell all I know, least
you should tell it the Gods, and they tell every
Body.

Herm. *Aronces* cast thy Eyes upon this Man,
And thou wilt bleed with pitying Remorse;
See here an Object of the Tyrant's Scorn,
The Sport, the Pastime of his Sons; see one
Whose tender Years, too sensible of Woe,
Flew to Distraction for his Father's Death,
Who sell a Victim for his Country's Good.

D

Herm.

26 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Herm. How many Victims has the Tyrant crown'd?
And here's a living Victim of his Pride;
Why are the Good thus by the Bad oppress'd?

Brut. Oh fy upon that Goodness!—Methinks
it looks so meagre, with such a thin raw-bon'd
grizly Aspect, a polish'd sleek double Skin wou'd
wrinkle at it. Come, come, no Flattery; what?
you'll say my Father was one of those walking
Skeletons; why? may be so, for *Tarquin* made
his Bones rattle. Be advis'd, feed well, drink much,
and when you name the King, carouse in Bum-
pers. Oh! for a Plague, a Pestilence, or Famine,
that we might all be Kings; a Plague wou'd work
us all together, and jumble us like *Tarquin*. Why
Faith, perhaps it may be so, I've got my Wish,
and *Tarquin* is a Plague, for he confounds without
Distinction.

Herm. Methinks there's Reason lurking in Dis-
guise,
And Meaning blended with disjointed Phrase;
His Father, mine, and many Fathers more,
Fell butcher'd Victims to the Plague he mentions;
Shall we then, we their Progeny survive,
And not revenge their Fall.

Aron. Herminius, give a Loofe to your Resent-
ment,
For Fortune seems to smile on the Event;
Ardea's Siege employs his greatest Force;
Horatius shares the Army with his Son,
And all the City is at your Command.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to Herminius.

Herm. Hah! from *Lucretius*, what can this im-
port?
My Presence in an Instant is desir'd;
Aronces, now your *Clelia* claims your Aid,
And let the Daughter plead her Father's Cause.

Aron.

The FALL of TARQUIN. 27

Aron. I will, *Herminius*, trust my Resolution:

Exeunt Aron. and Herm. severally.

Brut. Two noble Youths, *Herminius*, did he say?

A *Phoenix* sure sprung from his Father's Ashes;
The wish'd Catastrophe is come at last,
And let, oh! let their murder'd Father's Wrongs
Inspire and prompt their Off-spring to Revenge;
Unmask'd of Madness, then will I appear
Myself a *Roman*, Son of murder'd *Marcus*,
And shine in all my Father's Virtues;
Oh *Brutus*!

Thou hast withstood the utmost Shocks of Fate;
The Greatness of thy Soul has been disguis'd,
And worn an Idiot's Form. For filial Love
Still press'd upon the Rifings of thy Heart,
And bid thy Breast be still.

Now thou may'st throw aside the useless Dress,
And shew thy gen'rous Sentiments to all;
Now thou art summon'd by thy Father's Shade,
And prompted to retaliate his Ills;

Now to thy Country's Liberty thou'rt call'd,
Methinks I hear a Cry,

Why stay'st thou, *Brutus*? why do's *Brutus* stay?

No, no, I come, I fly to her Relief;

Justice and Fury, Honour and Revenge

My Country's Genius, the Contempt I bore

United, urge me to the bold Essay,

And Brutus rushes eager to the Fray.

Exit running.

28 *The FALL of TARQUIN.*

SCENE II.

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Tarquin and Clelia.

Tarq. Ah *Lindamira!* why that harsh Command?

'Tis to Command me not to adore your Charms ;
And can I see such Charms and not adore ?

Clelia. If you have Hopes in me, my Chains remove,
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Tarq. The Love of Kings ought not to be despis'd,
Consider who he is that Courts your Charms,
Perhaps not born to the soft Arts of Love,
I want the Skill to lure you to my Arms,
With Words as amorously sweet as others ;
Yet if I can debase my self so low,
Beneath the Grandeur of my Majesty
To love my Prisoner. —

Clelia. Do you debase your self for Love of me ?
True, I'm not worthy of a Monarch's Flame,
Yet I'm above a Tyrant's grov'ling Lust ;
So well I know, so much I hate thee *Tarquin*,
That Death's more grateful to me than thy Love.

Tarq. This I can hear, and I can love you still ;
But have I rais'd my self thro' thousand Lives
To Empir's Top, to see my self out-brav'd,
Nay, scorn'd and spurn'd at by a worthless Woman ?

Yet she has Charms, which Charms I must enjoy.

Clelia. No, *Tarquin*, no, thou never shalt enjoy
One Spark from me, tho' of the faintest Hope ;
My Thoughts are resolute, and I can command

This

The FALL of TARQUIN. 29

This pointed Dagger to my Virgin Soul.

[*She pulls out a Dagger, which he snatches away.*]

Tarq. Yet thou perversest Fair I still must love,
And spite of all thy Rage I will enjoy thee.

Clelia. Did I but think I e'er had breath'd a
Thought,

One Thought of Love to thee, I wou'd deform
The Charms that made thee lust.

Tarq. Do not provoke me thus beyond my self,
Lest I shou'd let my hasty Vengeance loose,
And blast the gaudy Charms which sparkle round
thee ;

Oh! be more kind, kind to your self and me.

Clelia. If then you love, as all your Vows de-
clare,

Give me a noble Instance of your Love ;

If you so love me that I must not die,

Die then your self, and prove you love me so.

Tarq. Too far, too vastly deep, you've urg'd the
Cure,

Increas'd the Passion you pretend to ease ;

What then is Love if 'tis not to enjoy ?

If either die, I'm miserable still ;

Wretched in Death, because you cannot love,

Wretched in yours, for who can love the Dead ?

Clelia. Therefore 'tis Lust, 'tis only Lust that
burns thee ;

Know I can urge thee farther, farther still.

Tarq. She shakes my Soul, assist me Reason, help,

What shall I do ? How shall I quench my Flame ?

It burns too fierce, and cannot be suppress'd.

Clelia. Cease, Tyrant, cease thy Raving, now I'll
try,

If thou can'st still abide a harsher Sound :

Know I've a surer Refuge from thy Lust,

Than Sword can give, or present Death afford ;

Know then I am not *Lindamira*, no,

No Trav'ling Stranger, nor a *Carthaginian*,

I am

30 The FALL of TARQUIN.

I am the Off-spring of a *Roman's* Blood ;
 A virtuous noble *Roman* is my Father,
 One who's a mortal Enemy to thee,
 Sworn to thy Death, and bent on thy Destruction ;
 One whose confummate Worth has made thee shake,
 Tho' crowding Guards press'd round their haughty
 King ;

One whose bright Virtue sparkled from his Eyes,
 And darted Terror to thy frighted Soul ;
 One who's Majestick in his Way and Fate,
 Tho' exil'd still thou dread'st his Name ; 'tis *Clotius*.

Tarq. Hah! thou'st restor'd me to my self once
 more,

And know more perfectly I hate thy Line,
 Than e'er I lov'd the Beauty of thy Charms ;
 How shall I thank thee for the pleasing Cure ?
 Death shall reward thee for the Remedy.

Clotia. Oh! now you're in your proper Element,
 To talk of Death decreed, and streaming Blood,
 That is thy Bus'ness, *Tarquin*, and not Love :
 And yet I dare thee, urge thee to my Fate,
 That's the Reward I ask ; yet *Tarquin* know
 I still have more, a great deal more to tell,
 Did I not think, you'd say a Woman's Fear
 Delay'd the Hour, by Heav'n my Soul desires ;
 Say then thou hat'st me, name not Love again.

Tarq. Yes, I do hate thee for thy proud Disdain,
 Hate thee because thy Charms have broke my Rest ;
 But more, because curs'd *Clotius* is thy Sire :
 Now I can mock the Fawnings of thy Face,
 Look on with Unconcern, and spurn thee from me ;
 Stand firm thou complicated Ill. stand firm,
 And summon all thy feeble Resolutions,
 To bear the fatal Blow this Arm designs.

Clotia. Stretch that Coward Arm,
 And glut thy Ponyard in my Vital Streams,
 For Death or Life are Things indifferent,
 And *Clotius's* Daughter is prepar'd for both.

Tarq.

The FALL of TARQUIN. 31

Tarq. I hate thee more, because thou art so brave ———

Yet so Commanding too, so all Divine ———

But what are Charms, and what's Divine to me?

And yet so lovely ——— but where ———

In a Transport.

Where? for your Charms have fix'd me; where's then

My Darling Honour? where's the Hate I urg'd?

Ev'n Envy's self her Foe can hardly prove,

She shares at once my Anger and my Love.

Clelia. Nay, stagger not in this thy late Resolve,
Thou Scourge of *Rome*, and Pest from angry Heaven;

Thou Curse of Widows, cause of Orphans Cries;

Rage on Usurper, threat the World with Ruin,

For I can smile to see thee furious now.

Tarq. Here Guards, secure her safe till my Return. *Enter Guards.*

Clelia. Oh! let me stay, I beg it on my Knees.

Tarq. Away this Instant, e're I cool, away,
The pittyng Fool may Conquer if she stay.

She's hurry'd off.

And yet without her, all my Joys are vain,
Empire a Curse, and Life it self a Pain.

SCENE III.

Collatia, where Lucretia's Body lies in State.

Enter Collatinus, Valerius, Herminius, &c. who advance to the Front of the Stage, Lucretia's body being born thither.

Collat. Come near ye Romans, join in my Laments,

Join

32 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Join in the deepest Anguish of my Soul :
 Oh *Lucrece* ! oh thou spotless Chastity !
 Noble *Timoclea* is in thee reviv'd,
 In thee again with double Lustre shines ;
 So pure, so chaste, the Flowings of thy Blood,
 The Satyr cou'd not mix his lustful Streams,
 Nor spread his Poison thro' thy purer Veins ;
 But frighted at thy matchless Chastity,
 His furious Lust rebounded from thy Soul,
 And left thee all unstain'd.

Enter Brutus.

Brut. Guard me eternal Powers ! *Aside.*
 This Plague makes warm Work for the Infernal Ferry-man, *Tarquin* and *Charon* are in League together, but the old Fool will rue of the Bargain ; for the Devil's in't if that crazy Frigot of his holds out to Eternity.

Collat. Oh *Brutus* ! happy in thy want of Sense,
 Since knowing only makes us know our Woes.
 Monstrous Impiety ! we mourn a Crime
 So vast, that frighted Nature seems to shrink
 At the Remembrance ; the Soul starts, and ev'ry
 Vein,

Frose up with Horror, checks the vital Stream.
 But we'll revenge thee, yes, we will revenge
 Thy Blood, thy Honour on his lustful Head ;
 Too long has *Tarquin* ———

Brut. Too long indeed
 Has *Rome* been fetter'd with imperious Sway ;
 Too long have I disguis'd my *Roman* Soul,
 Under the Vizard of a Madman's Pranks ;
 But now behold me, *Lucius Junius*,
 Behold, and read my Father's Virtues stamp'd
 Upon my Soul ; behold the Son of *Marcus*,
 Who swears by all the Gods, he will appease
 With *Tarquin's* Blood his murder'd Father's Shade ;

Behold

The FALL of TARQUIN. 33

Behold here *Brutus* solemnly do's swear,
Vows to restore the Liberties of *Rome*.

Collat. What is't I hear? what wond'rous Change
is this?

Brut. I am not chang'd, I only cease to be
That Fool, that Madman, that Buffoon at Court,
Cast off the Larva, and resume my self.

But say, *Valerius*, tell me some of you,
The fatal Cause of these sad Lamentations!

Valer. See there the best, the choicest of her
Sex,

Divinely fair, and brilliant with her Virtue,
Lies pale, and breathless in the Arms of Death;
See there *Lucretia* murder'd.

Brut. Hah, *Lucretia*!

What impious Hand durst do this horrid Deed?

Valer. Oh! 'twas her self, her virtuous self that
gave

The fatal Blow, and sacrific'd her Blood
To her unspotted Chastity; hear then,
And give Attention to the doleful Tale.
When last Night's Darkness gloom'd upon the Earth,
And sable Clouds obscur'd the spacious Orb,
That Monster of Mankind,
Lascivious *Sextus*, hot with boiling Blood,
And raging with Desire, scours o're the Plain
To *Collatine's*, who indolent in Absence
Securely slept, nor knew the intended Wrong,
Whilst *Sextus* hastid to *Lucretia's* Bed.

Now pleas'd with Thoughts of the approaching
Bliss,

He like a Savage grip'd his frightened Prey.
Now come my Joys, he cry'd, now bounteous Fate,
Indulgent to my Wish, has blest'd my Arms
With endless Transports, Extasies supreme.
Lucretia waking, heard th' unwelcome Voice,
And resolutely check'd his tort'ring Flame.
Then kneeling at her Feet, he breath'd his Sighs
Most passionately kind, and strove to shake

Her

34 *The FALL of TARQUIN.*

Her steady Virtue with persuasive Vows ;
 But she had Ice enough around her Heart,
 To hear unmov'd the guilty Lover speak,
 And guard her from Pollution ———
 Till tir'd with the Repulse, unus'd to pray,
 Impatiently he snatch'd the struggling Fair,
 And clasp'd her to his Breast — Now chuse, he
 cry'd,

Quickly determine which thou wilt admit,
 Th' obsequious *Sextus*, or this fatal Blade.
 The Virgin Taper which before shone bright,
 Strait with a sullied Flame did faintly blaze,
 And cast a shady Glimm'ring round the Room ;
 Whilst she neglectful of his Vows, or Threats,
 Smil'd equally on *Sextus*, and on Death.

Brut. Unhear'd of Villany !

Valer. Wou'd Heav'ns he here had stop'd !
 For next he roll'd his glaring Eyes around,
 Wracking his Thoughts, when fatally he found
 An Instrument that jump'd with his Design ;
 A Slave she had a Witness of these Truths,
 Pointing his Sword against the Vassals Breast ;
 He swore he wou'd report, he found those two
 Lock'd in each others Arms.

Brut. What a consummate, complicated Ill,
 The World receiv'd, when *Tullia* teem'd with *Sextus*.

Valer. Oh ! *Brutus*, think how passionately soft,
 She breath'd the Overflowings of her Mind ;
 Her Bosom heav'd with Sighs, which call'd for Pity,
 And wou'd have temper'd any Lust but his.
 Still he with glowing Eye-balls gaz'd upon her,
 And strenuously forc'd her to his Bosom,
 Whilst she reluctant to the nauseous Pressure
 Started, to think on Joys he ravish'd from her ;
 Then her chaste Limbs shrunk from the loath'd Em-
 brace,

Detesting the Pollutor ; No longer Grief

Cou'd

The FALL of TARQUIN. 35

Cou'd calmly keep the Cent'ry of her Soul,
But Floods of Tears disguis'd her beauteous Form.

Brut. Proceed, *Valerius*, haste to the Result.

Valer. Impatient grown to hear his guilty Voice,
Her Sorrow turn'd to Rage, her Grief to Frenzy;
Unable to contain, she snatch'd the Sword,
And sunk it deep in her resenting Heart.
Thus I assert my Chastity, she cry'd,
Thus, Monster, I elude thy black Design,
And smile Triumphant at thy Disappointment.
Then fainting with the last Essays of Life,
She rais'd her Head, and lift her Eyes to Heav'n,
Her fault'ring Tongue rob'd of its Energy,
Cou'd scarce express the Dictates of her Soul;
But still Revenge she breath'd distinctly forth,
Whilst all the rest imperfectly was heard.

Collat. Let Vengeance quickly seize him, drag
him hence,

To blackest Dung'ons of Infernal Tortures,
Hurl him from Bolt to Bolt, from Flame to Flame;
Let Miseries in endless Circles roll,
And stab him with Variety of Pain;
Let hungry Vultures gnaw his canker'd Soul,
And Furies ring *Lucretia* in his Ears.

Brut. Did she conjure you to revenge her Wrongs?
Why do you stand then doubting to proceed?
Hear me, ye Gods! Oh hear my sacred Vow!
By that Revenge her parting Soul injoin'd,
I swear her sacred Will shall be obey'd,
Whilst Life informs the Movements of my Heart:
Romans approach, with me espouse her Cause,
With me approach this chaste Divinity;
Thus on her lov'd Remains, let's lay our Hands.

Lay their Hands on the Hearse.

Now swear we to revenge *Lucretia's* Wrongs.

Omnes. We swear.

Brut. Swear we to drive out all the Race of *Tarquin*.

Omnes.

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Omnes. We swear.

Brut. Swear we to guard *Rome's* sinking Liberties.

Omnes. We swear.

Brut. Now we have sworn, let's execute Revenge,

Send to *Horatius*, let him know these Things.

Herm. *Horatius* has the Army in his Power,
And all the Troops in *Rome* are mine.

Brut. See how all things concur to our Design;
Let's then away, begin the mighty Work,
Settle the State, and gain the People's Hearts.

So future Times our Names will celebrate,
And *Rome* gives Laws to every Neighb'ring State.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Tarquin and Titus, and to them
Aronces and Clelia.*

Clelia. Do's it in all the Pow'r of Fate remain,
To lay more Weight on than I now sustain?
It cannot be, Fate has no Trouble more,
No Burden which I have not born before. *Sighs.*

Tarq. That Sigh's your last, waste not that little
Breath

You have to draw, but strait prepare for Death.

Clelia. 'Tis the blind Ignorance of an unknown
State,

Makes us to tremble at approaching Fate,
Death in it self is nothing, his keen Dart
Can't strike a Terror into *Clelia's* Heart.

No, *Tarquin*, no —

A Prodigy appears, viz.

A Flying Dragon.

Tarq.

The FALL of TARQUIN. 37

Targ. And are the Gods grown merry? thus to sport,

And act their Pageantry in *Tarquin's* Court;
Is it to shew our Grandeur? or do's Fate
Intend some Alteration in the State?
What's supernatural is a Prodigy
To meaner Souls, but shall be none to me:
No Gods! you're all mistaken, if ye think
That *Tarquin's* Courage can at Phantoms shrink;
Such Apparitions may affright the Eye
Of base Plebeians, not of Majesty.

Tit. My Blood runs cold, thus the great *Romulus*
And Sacred *Numa* were both wrap'd from us;
Great Prodigies preceeded either's Fate,
And surely this some dire Event portends.

Targ. Then *Titus* go, and bid our *Flamens* pray,
The Altars with rich Sacrifices load;
And to *Rome's* Genius our Devotions pay,
And please with smocking Sweets the *Delphick* God.
Bid 'em to sound the Depth of hidden Fate,
Try to unravel e'vry Myllery,
That seems to undermine a Monarch's State,
And know the Meaning of this Prodigy.

Tit. Our tut'lar Gods have a long time been dumb,
As if they had deny'd their Aid to *Rome*;
The vestal Fire extinguish'd, and the same
Again enliven'd by a lambent Flame;
And yet our *Augurs* can no Reason show,
By all their Magick, why these Things are so,
Apollo's Deity must be invok'd.

Targ. Hast then, my Son, to *Delpbos*, and im-
plore
The Godhead to disclose the Scenes of Fate.

Exeunt Tarquin and Titus.

Continue Aronces and Clelia.

Clelia. You heard his Words, and saw his bended
Brow.

E

Aron.

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Aron. I did.

Clelia. Yet he will love me, tho' I think his Love
The heaviest Vengeance of offended Heav'n,
I love, but Fate divides me from my Love,
And parts me from the visionary Joy.

Aron. If you are wretched in *Aronce's* Love,
Then drive me, drive me ever from your Thoughts,
So well I love, I wou'd not be belov'd,
If Grief and Woe attend th' unhappy Flame.

Clelia. What shall I say? my Grievs press hard
upon me;
On your lov'd Bosom, let me sigh my Woes,
And to the Gods lift my complaining Voice.

Aron. Oh ye Gods!
How can you see such Goodness at your Feet,
And not stoop down, and lend her some Relief?
Why must that Tyrant? —

Clelia. Oh! how I urg'd my Death, provok'd
my Fate?
The welcome Sword was mounted at my Breast,
Oh! why ye Gods, why did ye then with-hold
The ready Blade, and dart it from my Soul?
Once more I rout'd a Fury in his Blood,
Bore him beyond my Death, and now I live,
I live the unhappy Object of his Lust.

Aron. Rack not my Thoughts with this distracting
Tale,
Oh! do not rave, but hear me, *Clelia*, hear me,
Grief and Distraction prey upon your Soul,
And whirl you on beyond the Power of Reason.

Clelia. Oh! were I born remote from shining
Courts,
In some poor homely Cottage humbly blest'd,
Pleas'd with my little All in large Content,
Then might I live as Nature first prescrib'd,
The ripen'd Fruit attend my Hunger's Call,
The liberal Brook prevent approaching Thirst,
Without the cloying Sweets of rich Intemperance,
Or parsimonious Grudging me my Food,

The FALL of TARQUIN. 39

On Roots, and Leaves, and humb'le Acorns fed,
Pd live without the Luxury of Bread.

Aron. Go on, compleat this happy Scene of Bliss,

Clelia. Then might I reign in Nature's gaudy
Empire,

Bless'd with my bleating Subjects of the Plain,
No Palace know, but what the shady Trees,
Raise o'er my Head, no Odors smell, but those
The fragrant Spring bears in its gentle Breezes,
To my Seat, these are such harmless Thoughts
As kill my Cares, and calm my troubled Breast.

Aron. These Scenes of Innocence relenting
Heav'n

Has plac'd before your Eyes to ease your Sorrows,
Reflect on all those Rural Joys again,

And trace that pleasing Labyrinth of Thought
Till in its Windings you have lost your Griefs:

Suppose we lay upon some Flowry Bank,

A gentle Stream ran purling by, think me

Some lovely Swain, who courts your Charms, your
self

Some beautiful Nymph, and me your best Belov'd

Laid by your Side, you circled in my Arms;

Suppose the harmonious Choirs that charm the Air,

Suppose them singing to our constant Loves

In all the Pleasures of wild Harmony,

Tuning their airy Notes to soft Desires,

And sweetly warbling Sympathy to Love,

Think, *Clelia*, think ———

Clelia. Ah no! I have no Thoughts, but those of
Grief,

My Sorrow rushes like a mighty Sea,

Rushes upon me like a Tide of Woe,

Nor can I stem the Fury of the Stream.

Aron. The Gods are just, my *Clelia*, sure they are,

Check then your Sorrow, trust the Pow'rs above,

For Heav'n my *Clelia* ne'er forsakes the Good.

Clelia. In vain, in vain you talk of Heav'n to me,

Oh! now a Torrent rages in my Breast,

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Bears all my Senses in the raging Flood,
And I am turn'd by every beating Wave.

Aron. Were I Rock, thou'dst melt me into Tears,
How can I hold? I feel the wat'ry Drops
Steal from my Eyes, and I am quite dissolv'd.
My Spirits droop under her Sorrows Weight.

Clelia. Are not my own stretch'd to the utmost
Bounds? will you load me with your Sorrows too?

Why will you grieve? Why doubly wound my Soul?
Will you forbid the Duty of my Tears?

The only Proof of Love I can bestow.

Clelia. But I'm the wretched Cause.

Aron. Oh Heav'n's forbid!
How can we truly Sympathize in Souls,

And not be blended in our Passions too?
But since my Presence do's increase your Woe,

I'll hide my rueful Sorrows from your Eyes,
And weep in some dark solitary Grove,

Perhaps some Wolf rob'd of her tender young,
May howling run the Partner of my Woes.

Or boding Ravens croaking o'er my Head,
Prefage that wretched *Clelia* is no more.

See *Clelia*, I withdraw — *Is going away.*

Clelia. Oh my *Aronces*! my dearest Lord return,
How can you go, and leave me here to grieve?

If I was ever, tho' not now belov'd,
Give me a Proof, and leave me dead behind.

Aron. Assist me Gods! to stand the mighty Shock,
Where shall my staggering Spirits find Relief on Earth?

Oh Man! where art thou? rouse thy self again,
Let Reason stand divided from my Love,

But oh! in vain my Love seeks Reason's Aid,
Yet, thou eternal Charmer! yet, believe,

If I deny the fatal Proof you ask,
It is because my Tenderness is grown

Superior to all other Faculties.

Clelia. Come then, *Aronces*, meet my open Arms;
Thus twin'd in either's Fate we'll live and love,

And

The FALL OF TARQUIN 41

And reach with our chaste Flames the Pow'rs above.

Enter an Officer, with Guards.

Officer. Sir, you must go, I dare no longer stay,
Your quick Departure is the King's Command.

Clelia. 'Tis what I fear'd, oh! take me with you

Aron. Better approach a Lyon in the Toils,
Back to the Tyrant, for I scorn his Pow'r.

Officer. If you resist, Force must succeed, fall on,
One snatches his Sword.

Aron. Vain is your Number, treacherous and
hate,

Farewell my *Clelia*, live, but —

Clelia. Stay, you forget, for I must with you too:
They're gone, they're gone, my dear *Aronces* gone,

Gone to his Death, and miserable I
Torn from his Arms, abandon'd to Despair,

My num'rous Griefs before had press'd me down,
But now with double Force, with double Weights

They fall and crush me into Ruin;
The Fates had spent their Spight on me before,

And on my self cou'd not encrease my Woes,
Now on my other better Part they rage,

Equal his Miseries with mine.
Hear, oh ye Gracious Gods! my kneeling Prayers;

And let my dear *Aronces* be your Care;
Oh! my *Aronces*! I can no longer hold

Gods grant me Life to hear *Aronces* live,
Ah no! ye cruel Powers it cannot be,

Death comes apace, and presses hard at my Heart;
My fainting Life do's from my Veins retire,

And I in Shades of slum'ring Peace expire.
Oh my *Aronces*! oh!

Swoons, and Guards
carry her off.

Clelia. Come then, *Aronces*, meet my open Arms;
The world in either's Fate will live and love.

A. C. T.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Temple, at the Upper End of which stands the Oracle of Apollo, and before him an Altar.

Enter the Priestesses singing, follow'd by Titus and Brutus, and as they move slowly up to the Altar, they often bow; then the chief Priestess advancing to the Altar, lays down the Sacrifice.

Ch. Priest. **G**reat Son of Jove, to whose all-seeing
[Eye,

*The Book of Fate lies open Night and Day,
Most solemnly thy Rites we will apply,
And at thy Altar true Devotion pay.*

*Accept our Royal Offering, and explain
Rome's Fate, and what Rome's Prodigy do's mean.*

*Oh! be propitious from thy Sacred Shrine,
Whilst the bright Flames in curling Spires ascend,*

*All-knowing Deity thy Ear incline,
And to the Solemn Sacrifice attend.*

*Thus thrice about thy Altar we presume,
To feast thy Royal Nostri's with Perfume,*

*And thrice about I wave this Sacred Wand,
The Fate of Rome from thee to understand.*

*From behind the Scenes out
of a Speaking Trumpet.*

*Oracle. Behind the Altar you shall find a Scroll,
Which all the Fate of Tarquin do's inroll.*

*But let no bold Presumer break the Seal,
And rudely view the Sacred Mysteries,*

Unbidden of the God.

Priest.

The FALL of TARQUIN. 43

*Priest. &c. Great Delphick God, what Thanks
[we owe,*

*No Tongue can tell, nor Action show;
We lowly bend both Heart and Knee,
Submitting to thy Deity,
Submitting to thy Deity.*

*Which in a full Chorus they sing over and over,
till they are quite off the Stage.*

SCENE II.

*Clelius's Apartment, where she is sitting on
a Couch.*

Clelia. Just as the Sun, after continu'd Show'rs
Have drain'd the Heavens,
Looks thro' the Sable Garments of the Sky,
With fainter Glories fading on his Face,
And darts his cooler Rays along the Air;
So do my Eyes, when over-charg'd with Grief,
Obscure their Brightness in a Vale of Tears,
And largely gush my pressing Sorrows out,
And having rould 'em down,
Begin at last to dissipate the Clouds.
When my poor Soul foresaw his threaten'd Death,
She fled her Mansion with the eag'rest Haste,
But as my Aronces, so my Life return'd;
Each gentle Sigh, each tender Look of Love
Warm'd my Remains of Life, and gently thrill'd
them thro' my Veins,
Oh! let me dwell on Thoughts serene as these,
Dissolve in Slumbers all my restless Cares,
Exclude the bold Intruder from my Mind,
And with soft Musick charm me to my Rest;
But whilst I sleep, do thou my watchful Soul
Seek my Aronces in each pleasing Phantome,

But

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But seek for nothing in the Groves of Love

But my *Aronces*, every where *Aronces*. *Soft Music. Falls asleep.*

Enter Tullia.

Tul. Wher'es the Rival of my Imperial Beauty?
Hah! here she sleeps secure, no Noise disturbs her,
Direct me now Revenge to surest Murder;

Clelia awakes.
That Wink of Brightness shews her Soul's awake.

Clelia. A frightful Scene was acting in my Soul,
When some loud Clamour broke the horrid Vision;
Hah! the Queen!

My boding Heart starts at that Bird of Fate. *Aside.*

Tul. Rise thou unhappy Beauty, oh! my Rage!
Clelia. What can be added to my vast Afflictions?

My pressing Griefs call loud for some Return,
But I can't force one Tributary Drop
To pay my crying Miseries.

Tul. Then you must strain the utmost Pow'rs of
Life,

'Tis Fate, 'tis I, 'tis *Tarquin's* Queen Commands,
Like furious *Juno* in a Cloud of Night,
I with severest Jealousie survey
My injur'd Beauty ——— but no more.

Clelia. How mean she looks in any Dress but
Rage?

Oh! that's the Robe that best adorns her Soul,
But know proud Queen, I own a Mind as great,
More noble too than yours, more undefil'd,
Know I am the whom the severest Threats
Of angry Fate can't in the least alarm,
And know that I, that *Clelia* can
Confess her Sex in nothing but her Love:
Know I'm prepar'd (if you have so resolv'd)
To meet my Death, and 'twill be grateful to me.

Tul.

THE FALL of TARQUIN. 45

Tul. Thou then that Traytor's Daughter, the
Rival

Of my Bed, 'tis far beyond my Hopes,
Gods! can it be that in this Rival's Shape,
I've met the greater Object of my Rage?

Clelia. Do you believe that I will meet his Love?
No, not his Crown shall bribe me to his Bed;
But Minds accus'd to the Trade of Death,
Can never want Pretence for Rage and Slaughter.

Tul. Shall then so poor, so mean a Soul as thine,
Rival my Glories? and in Triumph ride
O'er all my Hopes in *Tarquin's* fault'ring Heart;
No, I'll restore my Hero to himself,
Destroy the Charmer that invades his Breast,
And robs his Empress of her Diadem;
Die, quickly die, thy latest Doom's decreed.

Going to stab her.

Clelia. Oh! do not strike, with-hold the deadly
Blade;

Kneeling.

Oh! let me live, live but a moment longer,
I'll beg you then to take the Life you gave,
'Twill save me from a Fate I more abhor,
My Doom is fix'd, already 'tis decreed,
And only you can save me from the Blow.

Tul. The Blow which only I can give,
Think you a Tear shall rob me of Revenge,
A Woman's Tear, a Lover's artful Whine,
Or all the glorious Pride soft Pity brings;
Love's Comfort never yet did yield to Love,
Or pity those who rob'd her of her Love.

Clelia. Since my Intreaties cannot move your
Breast,

Know I have something of the Hero too;
I scorn'd the Gems that now adorn thy Head;
Dispis'd the Throne that props thy Dignity;
But more thy Lord, who tender'd me his Love;
Know I may live, if Living were my Care,
And rival all the Glories of thy Court;
But I am doom'd, by *Tarquin* doom'd to die,

And

P

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And that's the easiest Part my Sentence bears,
My Honour with my Life is doom'd to fall,
And I defile your Bed.

Tul. Why begs thou then to live?
Nothing shall quench my Fury, but thy Blood.

Enter a Viol and a Dagger.
Poison or Dagger, quickly take thy Choice,
Be resolute, nor hesitate at Death.

Clelia. Give me them both, for both are welcome
to me.

Guarded with these, my Tutelary Gods,
I'll brave th' Invader of a spotless Maid,
Yet if I may one Blessing more obtain,
Let my *Aronces* catch my latest Breath,
And bless with panting Lips my fleeing Shade;
But if the King comes unawares upon me,
This Steel shall give a fatal hasty Blow,
And the disdainful Soul shall take its Flight,
Eluding his Embrace.

Tul. Such Resolution in your Mind appears,
That tho' Revenge opposes your Request,
Yet I will grant it, for in you I find,
A fainter Image of my perfect Mind,
Die bravely then, so *Tullia's* self would fall,
Nor from her Breast th' impending Stroke recall.
Imperial in its Flight, her Soul thou' d' fear,
And leave admiring Mortals to adore.

Exit Tullia.
Aronces appears.

Clelia. Hah! here my *Aronces* comes, my better
Life,
How can I part with Love, a Love like his.

Enter Aronces musing.
Aron. Tarquin has sent, and will she ne'er com-
ply,

Un-

THE FLOOD of TARQUIN. 47

Unmindful of her Vow. Hah! let me think!

No, it can never be; she will be true,
But since 'tis possible to break her Chains,

Clelia Musing *Aronce*, what employs your
Thoughts?

Aronce Your Liberty, and now the Time draws
near,

Virtue is always the Concern of Heaven,
And yours is most transcendently divine,
Yours when Oppress'd with numerous Miseries,
Steep'd to the Weight, that like the yielding Palm,
Thence you might Shoot the higher into Glory.

Clelia Why are you cheated with a fancy'd Bliss,
Have you seen *Tullia*? Speak quickly, no,
Ah! surely no, for that you'd damp your Joy.

Aronce What Mystery is this your Words imply?
Is then our Fate too firm to be recall'd?

Clelia Yes 'tis indeed, and infinitely too,
We both must Joy, and yet we both must grieve,
Tullia has sav'd me from the Tyrant's Power,
These the fierce *Tullia* stung with jealous Rage

*Shows a Vial and
a Dagger.*

Threaten'd to bury in my Breast.
And Oh! how grateful was her ev'ry Word,
But for the Sake of one, one last Farewell,
I sooth'd her Fury, promis'd with a Vow,
To end me here in my *Aronce's* Arms.

Aronce How unconcern'd she seems to be at
Death?

Gods! let me die! for can I see her false
And live, no, 'tis too much to think her so,
Tell me, but oh! I cannot hear thee say't,
Have not repeated Threats prevail'd upon thee
And Shock'd thy Virtue.

Clelia Ah! let me die! cease your Unkindness
now.

When

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When I am dead, I'll trouble you no more.

Aron. Return, return, all Spotless to my Arms;
'Tis thy *Aronces* calls; Oh! hear his Voice,
Thou choicest Pattern of excell'ing Nature
Clelia. Still I must wander desolate amongst
The mournful Myrtles, trembling with my Sighs,
And breathe an Air of disappointed Love;
Ah! he is here, and I again to Shades —

Aron. Stay, stay, come back thou Miracle of
Truth, Truth is Essential to thy Virgin Soul:

Clelia. Still I return from Death to Life again,
And broken Sounds offend my Solitude;
Truth too was nam'd, but that's no more for me,
No, I am false, *Aronces* told me so,
I knew it not before *Aronces* told me,
But he can tell the Secrets of my Soul.

Aron. Knew not before, and do's she know it
now?
I never knew —

Clelia. Repeat those balmy Words once more
Aronces,

And let me hear you say you never knew;
Continue in the Tale, and when you cease,
Conclude with this — you never knew me false.

Aron. Oh! thou art true as Nature first fram'd
Woman,
Fair as the Statue which *Prometheus* form'd,
And chaste as the unanimated Marble:
Live then, thou only Solace of my Cares,
Live then, and bless with everlasting Charms
The Soul that pants with Hope, and doats upon
thee.

Clelia. Now Life and Death divide my troubled
Breast,
I float uncertain 'twixt the two Extreams;

THE FALL of TARQUIN. 49

Honour, that gaudy Sound demands my Fate,
But Love and my *Aronces* bid me live.
Oh! Life's a barren Blessing, worthless Thing
When purchas'd on dishonourable Terms,
What is therein Existence worth our Care,
That we shou'd toil to drag the nauseous Load;
But to be sever'd from *Aronces's* Arms,
Light of my Eyes, and Blessing of my Heart,
Ah! there's the Torture, the distracting Thought!
Why did I promise?

Aron. How can a Promise made against your self?
Impos'd by one who causeless sought your Life,
Compel you stronger than *Aronces's* Love?

Clelia. But shou'd I live, what's then the Consequence?
'Tis to be hurried from your wish'd for Sight,
And doom'd a Victim to Tyrannick Lust.

Aron. Where will you drive me? where shall I retreat?

No! lodg'd within my Arms you are secure,
The pitying Gods will guard you from his Pow'r,
The Wise all Opportunities improve,
Tho' we must die, yet now let's live and love.

Clelia. Thus when a Ship contending with the Tide,

Born up by Waves do's in a Tempest ride,
The whirling Eddies mount her up amain,
And Waves retiring sink her down again;
Now to the Skies audaciously she soars,
Now with a Crust runs buldging on the Shores;
Uncertain in her Fate, she long is driv'n
The Jest of Whirlwinds, and the Sport of Heav'n,
Till some relenting Deity at last
Rebukes the Storm, and calms the furious Blaft,
And the pleas'd Sailors smile at Dangers past.

Aron. Thus Heav'n can save, shou'd all the World combine,

Heav'n that first gave you, can preserve you mine.

Exeunt.

F

SCENE

50 The FALL of TARQUIN

SCENE III.

Tarquin and Tullia seated on the Throne,
with Lords and Attendance. Enter to
them Titus and Brutus.

Targ. How graceful Thrones appear, when thus
 possess'd

By Kings, who uncontroll'd like Gods Command,
 Mounted without the dull successive Way
 Of lazy Monarchs, who so tamely wait
 To be Enthron'd, and imitate the Story
 Of the feign'd Phoenix, and expect their Bow
 From th' Ashes only of an Ancestor :

Welcome from Phœnix, has the God been kind
 Or in ambiguous Terms declar'd Rome's Fate?
 Tell us how he receiv'd our Royal Offerings
 And what th' All-knowing Deity injoin'd.

Tit. I found his Seat at Delphos, mighty Sir!
 Cut in steep Rocks surpassing Human Art,
 A sort of Reverend Hieroglyphic'd my Heart:
 The Sacred Rites perform'd, the Priests flood,
 As one transport'd when she felt the God,
 Her Body heaving, her frantick Eyes did roll
 With those Emotions, which possess'd her Soul;
 Like a mad Bacchantian first she danc'd,
 Then to the Cave of Pythium she advanc'd,
 The spacious Temple trembled at her Voice,
 And neigh'ring Mountains echo'd back the Noise,
 Behind the Altar I was bid to look,
 And thence Great Sir, this Sealed Scroll I took.

Targ. Disclose the Sacred Message of the God,
 And read the Fate of Tarquin, and of Rome.
Delphos is to Titus
Titus breaks open the Seal and reads.
 The Man by you despis'd and scorn'd,
 Shall with fresh Laurels be adorn'd,

THE FALL of TARQUIN. 51

Rome shall her Kingly Pow'r resign,
Tarquin expel, and all his Line:

Then Consuls annually shall sway,

And Romans chuse, whom they'll obey

Who e'er his Mother first shall kiss,

Jove will reward him with this Bliss,

That he shall be the first, shall rule Rome's State,

Apollo spoke it, and has made it Fate.

Upon which Brutus pretending to stumble,

Falls down and kisses the Earth, which

is the common Mother of all Men.

Then they all cry out, *Brutus*

Brutus *Brutus* *Brutus*

Targ. Have I then toild thus long to grasp at

Empire, : to see a son of an Ancestor

Rush on thro' opposing Crowds, and stem the Tide

Of grumbling Senates, have I check'd the Risings

Of pleading Justice, Virtue and Remorse,

That Brutus may be Umpire in the State,

Shows within, *Brutus*

Brutus *Brutus* *Brutus*

To hear him loudly mouth'd by the wild Mob,

Whilst I must stoop to one my very Soul

Disdains, ye Gods! 'tis more than Majesty

Can bear.

My utmost Energy once more I'll try,

And quell these upstart Rebels, or I'll die.

Then to my Regal Pow'r again restor'd,

I'll God-like reign, and be again ador'd,

And teach the trembling World to know its Lord.

Exeunt Tarquin, Tullia and Titus.

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Gods

Brut. My rising Joy's too great to be conceal'd,

Beats in my Breast, and sparkles from my Eyes;

O Rome! thy shining Days are now commenc'd,

And each revolving Year will give new Lustre

52 The FALL of TARQUIN.

Now Tyranny's destroy'd, and lovely Freedom
With Beauty smiles upon the dark Abyss,
I joy my Fellow Citizens to see you,
I joy to call you Fellow Citizens,
Untutored, unconfin'd, and free as *Brutus*.

Valer. When Tyrants have usurp'd the Regal
Pow'r,

Nothing but endless Slaughter can dispell
Their confcious Apprehensions of their Fall.

Brut. Mean Souls are sway'd By Interest or De-
sign,

Virtue alone shall guide my cautious Steps.

Horat. Monarchs themselves will justify our
Cause,

And Tyrants only blame what Tyrants fear.

Valer. *Brutus* to late Posterity shall bear
The Blessings of this Day, and distant Annals

Trace th' eternal Glories of his Name,
His Country's Father, and Deliverer.

Brut. I know base Minds repine at Kingly
Pow'r,

Grumble to see 'em Lord it o'er the World,

But witness Heav'n! *Brutus* has ever thought

That Kings are nearly to the Gods ally'd,

And like those Gods in Splendour shoud appear;

But 'tis not th' empty Trappings of a Throne

Shoud fasten our Desires on Regal Pow'r,

He best can poise the Ballance of a State,

Who like *Atræa* blind to private Interest,

Acts with Regard unto the Publick Good.

Valer. Therefore the People offer you the Crown,
For as by Merit, so by Right 'tis yours.

Brut. Direct me Heav'n's! and bar me from Am-
bition;

Ought *Brutus* then to wear the Tyrant's Crown?

That very Crown, which *Brutus* wrested from him?

No, I'm my Country's Slave, her willing Son

To fight her Battles, and dispell her Fears,

And

THE FALL OF TARQUIN 53

And when her Peace is settled, I'll resign
My Pow'r, still prompt to act what she requires
Valer. If you refuse to bear the Weight alone,
Where shall the People their Obedience pay?

Brut. *Nearly shall Rome her Consul's Choice*

renew
Least Consuls twol'n with Pride put on the King,
And only change the Name. Thus freed from Fear,
Th' Elective State can check the growing Ill,
And end it with the Year. The Senate too
Shall jointly share in the divided Sway,
And form the future Schemes with prudent Care.

Horat. Then shall Rome's Armies her Dominions
I spread,

Conquest attend 'em ever in the Field,
Triumphs return 'em to their Country's Arms,
And suppliant Princes waiting for Command
Bend to the Dictates of a Roman Senate.

Brut. But say *Horatius*! how goes on the Siege?
How do's *Harminius* bear the Toils of War?
And is his Courage equal to his Cause?

Horat. Fresh Troops pour in, and storm the
mighty Walls.

But all in vain our Hopes now chiefly lye,
In the declining Numbers of their Men.

Brut. The distant Standards shall from far af-
fright.

And Rome's Opposers sicken at the Sight;
From Bondage freed each Roman loudly sings,
Whilst the pleas'd Eagles spread their conqu'ring
Wings.

Exeunt Omnes.

Brut. Direct me Heaven; and turn me from Am-
bition;
Ought Brutus then to wear the Tyrant's Crown?
That very Crown, which Brutus wrestled from him?
No, I'm my Country's Slave; but willing son
To fight her Battles, and dispel her Fears.

ACT

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Chamber of State, where Brutus is sitting at a Table musing, having receiv'd Advice that his Sons were discover'd to be in a Plot to restore Tarquin again to the Throne.

Enter to him Collatinus and Valerius.

Brut. **A**RE then my Sons Accomplish'd with Tarquin?

And long for Arbitrary Power again?
Tell me no more of Happiness below,
No, that's to Immortality confin'd.
Did not the Fates sweat labouring in our Cause?
And crown our Actions with triumphant Shouts?
How has one Minute drench'd the Face of Joy?
And over-clouded in this sudden Storm
The glorious Prospect of a splendid Day.
Down, down my Soul, nor struggle with thy Grief.

Assist me Collatine!

Collat. Assist me, Brutus! for I labour too.

Valerius, you are free from the Distraction,
Exert your Friendship, and lend us your Assistance;
For oh! the Father yearns upon our Souls.

Valer. Since Death is their Desert, then let 'em die;

'Tis Love of Justice and your Country's Good,
The Consul, not the Father sheds their Blood.

Brut. Hah! my **Valerius**! what God inspir'd thee?

How shall I offer up my Thanks to Heav'n
This threatening Storm, which low'r'd upon our Heads,
Breaks

THE DEATH OF TARQUIN. 55

Breaks out a Blessing with such glorious Rays,
As our weak Hopes are dazzled to behold.

Collat. What mean you, *Brutus*? where's the
Blessing plac'd?

Sure not on you, in a rebellious Off Spring,
Nor sure on me, in my *Lucretia's* Death.

Brut. But she's the Foundation of the mighty
Work.

On her we build, on her we hope to raise
Rome from the Ruin of a fallen State.

Grieve as her Husband, as a Roman Joy;

Is not your Country dearer than your Wife?

My Son shall die, and bless are you and I,

That from our Loins, the great Foundation springs.

Collat. Does not the Father plead within your
Breast?

Urge it no more, I have no Sons to Lose,

But if I can pry my venient Blood,

Can you Pronounce the Sentence on your Sons?

Brut. Yes, they shall die, and die before my
Eyes.

Thus will I take Advantage by their Fate

To Signalize my Justice to the People.

Collat. Can you so far depart from all that's
Human,

To see your Children bleed by your Command?

No, *Brutus*, no, the Pow'r is above forbid!

If I have fail'd in a good Patriot's Zeal,

In this Aversion from your Children's Doom,

I on my self will Punish all the Crime.

But know I love my Country well as you,

And gladly will endure what's worse than Death.

To Ease her Pains, and bless her with Repose.

Be you, *Kalpetim*, Consul in my Stead,

And I in Exile will wear out my Years,

Remove from all my Country's Friends for ever.

That Rome mayn't dread a *Tarquin* on the Throne.

Brut. How *Collatine*!

Breaks

Since

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Since *Rome's* great Happiness was gain'd by you,
It is but just that you shou'd Share it too.

Collat. Brutus, in vain are Arguments to me,
I am resolv'd, and Bow in Thanks to Heaven,
That one of *Tarquin's*, *Tarquin's* curst Race
Has sery'd his Country in so brave a Way.
I hear the People Murmur, and am griev'd,
There's still, they cry, a *Tarquin* on the Throne.

Brut. Better they still doubt on, than you for-
take 'em.

And by forsaking clear the Way for *Tarquin*,
How bright you'll shine,
When breaking thro' the Clouds of Dark Suspicion
You Blaze in open Light the loyal *Collatine*.

Collat. This to a Man resolv'd is all in vain,
I know a thousand Scruples will be rais'd,
I the Pretence!

No *Roman's*, here I solemnly do Swear,
Tarquin shall never Serve his Ends by me.

Brut. Spoke like your self, a *Roman*, and *Rome's*
Consul,

Let me Imbrace you, noble *Collatine*?
Now wou'd I not dissuade you, if I cou'd
From such a glorious godlike Resolution.

Collat. Yes, yes, I know the Murm'ring People's
Fears.

And did intend to lay the Consul by,
And live retired in a Rural Peace,
But since Occasion points me out the Time
To give my Country Tokens of my Love,
With willing Resolution I will do it.

Brut. This is a Deed Superlatively brave;
But *Collatine*,

To make the Deed more gloriously appear,
In all the People's View resign your Pow'r.

Collat. No, I will ne'er upbraid my Country
for't.

SCENE

Brut.

THE FAREWELL of TARQUIN. 57

Brutus Adieu, Adieu *Valerius*,
In Peace I'll go, and privately retire,
Gods guard thee *Rome*, Prosperity to all.

Valer. Farewell with all the Friendship and
Esteem,
That mutually shou'd dwell in Noble Minds,
Farewell, in this thy last Embrace farewell.

Embraces Collatine.

Exit Collatine.

Brut. He's gone, and shall this generous Action
Shine

Before my Eyes, and shall I not proceed?
Yes, yes, I will, and now *Valerius*, you
Worthy to bear this great important Charge,
Do you see Justice done upon my Sons.

Valer. Consider *Brutus*, weigh the Matter well,
Nor Doom too harshly the mistaken Youths,
Nature must with Reluctance shrink to see 'em
Expiring, when their Father is their Judge.

Brut. These Eyes shall gaze upon 'em unconcern'd.
I will forgive 'em, pity 'em in Death,
Excite their Courage nobly to endure,
The only Expiation of their Crimes,
I'll call 'em Sons, give 'em a Father's Blessing,
Tell 'em their Souls purg'd by the Hand of Justice,
In purer Flames shall moune the Starry Orbs.

Valer. Gods! with what Transports will your
Zeal inspire you?

Brut. Thus must each Patriot lay the Father by,
Leap at his Fate, and for his Country die.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE

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SCENE II

Clelia's Apartment.

Enter Clelius and Clelia.

Clelius. How can your Tears recall him from the
Urn?

I came all joyful from my Exile hither,
To find *Rome* freed, you safe, *Aronces* here;
But Oh! such Blessings are too great for *Clelius*!

Clelia. Gods! but restore *Aronces* to my Arms.
'Tis all the wretched *Clelia* asks of Heaven;
It wo't be. — I'll follow him in Death,
Leave me, Oh Father! leave your dying Child,
Or see me lonely fly in wild Distractions:
Hah! now I'm on the Wing, I see his Soul
Flutter around me, fan me with its Air,
More, more of this, and cool me with thy Shade,
Cool me to Death, Hah! he's fled already,
Why did he fly then, but for me to follow?
Yes, stay I come, why do you hold me Father?
Ah! let me go then, see he's here again,
Take, take me with you, bear me on your Wings,
I'll like *Europa* mount my flying *Jove*.

Clelius. Oh my Child:
What a disorder'd Transport works upon thee?

Clelia. Yes, yes, he's dead, and look you yonder
Father.

Hah! don't you see his Body Gash'd with Wounds?
See, how he glares, 'ah no! he Smiles upon me
He calls for *Clelia* — I must follow after.

Exit Running.

Clelius. Loaded with Sorrow, and with Grief oppress'd,

On every side in Vain I seek for Rest,
The Pow'rs above with me are still at Strife,
And I with Cares grow weary of my Life.

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Amilcar and Celeres.

Amil. Is then Aroncos taken?

Celer. Yes, by Surprise, for as we walked together,

Breathing our wearied Spirits in the Air,
An Ambush suddenly had hem'd us in,
He fought as one who look'd at Death with Scorn,
And I pursu'd the bloody Path he trod,
Till over power'd with increasing Numbers,
Come, let us die, Aroncos cry'd aloud,
And ran with double Might amidst their Troop,
I follow'd still unwilling to forsake him,
But cou'd not reach the Hero in his Race,
Stiffed with Numbers, thrice he wav'd his Sword,
And loudly call'd preserve thy self, I'm lost
And straight was hurried from my Sight.

Amil. Oh, what a Day of Horror has this been?
But I can tell you a more dreadful Story:
You heard the Plot was found on Brutus's Sons,
But cou'd you think, he wou'd have seen em die?
I saw the Youths March bravely to their Fate,
And mount the Scaffold with a fearless Pace,
Brutus did weep, his Sons flow'd down in Tears,
But Justice gain'd upon paternal Love:
Then he disrob'd their Bodies to the Rods,
And bad the Lictors strait advance and lash
Their tender Sides:
Bear it, my Sons, your Father bleeds in you,
Father, we bear it, do we shrink the Strokes?
Come are your Axes ready for the Blow?
Behold the willing Victims long to bleed,

Father

60 THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

Father farewell, too cruel *Rome* farewell,
Both we have injur'd, both we now appease
And both we bless with this our latest —
Words cou'd no more; The fatal Axe forbid
The use of Speech, and gave the fleeting Soul
Full Liberty to wander unconfin'd:
Thus dy'd the Consul's Sons.

Celer. Who but a *Roman* durst have been
so brave?

Sure Staggering Reason will oppose Belief,
And future Ages with Amazement read
The Wonders of their glorious Tragedy.

Amil. Just as 'twas done, *Horatius* arriv'd,
And brought the Army safe within the Walls,
Clelius and other Exiles are return'd,
And the sad *Clelia* now must mourn alone
For her *Aronces*.

Celer. I'll haste to learn his Fate,
Perhaps some God might interpose his Power,
And from impending Death the Youth secure.
Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.

*The Apartment continues, where Clelia is
sitting on a Couch.*

Clelia. Do's he then live? and am I bless'd once
more?

Soft Music.

Shall I then see him? Shall I call him mine?
Ah! 'tis not so, in vain my flattering Hope
Wou'd lull my Grief, and sooth my tortur'd Breast.
No, no, he's dead, he lives no more to me.
Where shall I find him, whilst I am below?
Tell me, I'll trace the Hollows of the Earth,
And roam about in Nature's spacious Womb,
No, he's not there, *Aronces* is not there;
Then I'll ascend, and of the God's inquire,

Glide

The FALL of TARQUIN. 6

Glide thro' the vaulted Regions of the Air,
 Still in pursuit of Love and my *Aronces*,
 Here's the kind Passport, now my eager Soul
Pulls out a Dagger.
 Strains to get loose, and I will give it vent,
 And shoot from hence to Immortality.

Enter Celerus.

Celer. He lives, he lives, Griefs vanish, Cares
 away,
Aronces is alive, this happy Day I saw him.

Clelia. But am I not deceiv'd? and thou some
 Shade
 Would kindly lead me to my Love's Abode.

Celer. True, your *Aronces* is the Tyrant's Cap-
 tive,
 But when the Consul gains the Capitol,
 He'll be restor'd to *Clelia's* Arms again.

Clelia. Ah *Celerus*! don't flatter me with Hopes,
 I know he's dead, I've seen his Ghost below,
 My self was there, and am just now return'd;
 In Myrtle Groves I saw the lonely Lovers
 Pass unregarded by each others Shade,
 Now my *Aronces* fleets before my Eyes,
 Ah! gentle Ghost! see he has sent his Friend,
 To point the Path that leads me to his Bower.

Celer. Wretched *Aronces*! never then approach
 But fly this Place and meet not *Clelia* here,
 She knows you not, and wishes you a Shade,
 Will you believe me? your *Aronces* lives;
 Or do you hope your fatal Fears are true?

Aronces appears.

See here he is, will you believe me now?

Exit Celerus.

Enter Clelius and Aronces.

Aron. Come to my Arms, embrace thy dear
Aronces. *Clelia.*

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Clelia. Ye Gods! then do's he live?

Aron. I live, I live.

Clelia. Where have you been? from what World are you come?

My Fancy plays upon me, 'tis Delusion,
And seeming Objects swim before my Eyes,
Where is he now? my Father's in his Place.

Aron. No, it is I, your Father too is here,
Why do you damp our Extasies of Joy?
Can you then love *Aronces*? surely no!
Him who would live, live ever in your Sight.

Clelia. Yes, he is ever, ever present there,
I see him now, oh that he were alive!
This is his Image, see, it dances round me,
Yes, I will grieve, and lose my self in Tears,
Sighs shall convey my Soul to his Abode.

Aron. Here's his Abode, and hither wait your Sighs,
In vain I speak, for Grief sits regent there,
And all is Transport of extreamest Woe,
Whither will Grief and Desperation lead you?

Clelia. Tell me, say quickly, is he with the Gods?
Give me a Lift, and I will elbow Jove,
Reason be gone, and do not clog my Light,
My Soul is on the Wing to reach the Skies,
And meet *Aronces* amongst his Kindred Gods.

Aron. No, see he's here, and darted from above,
To live with *Clelia*, on the Earth again.

Embracing her.
This, this is he, look well, you'll know him now,
See you are circled in his longing Arms,
Wipe the deceiving Vapours from your Eyes,
And press his Hand, he is no fleeting Shade.

Clelius. This is *Aronces*, see your Father too,
Have you forgot us? are we not the same?
Recall your Reason, let your Passion fall.

Aron. Let all be turn'd to Tendernefs and Love,
Look then my *Clelia*, know thy own *Aronces*,
If I have been I tender to thy Breast.

Where then is now that Sympathy of Soul?
Clelia. 'I is here, 'tis here, and you and I are one,

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Yes, you are he, I know the lovely Touch,
Which tingling thro' my Veins inspire's my Heart.

Aron. Vanish then Sorrow, shine forth Beams of

Joy,
Love send Apollo with the tuneful Nine,
Seraphick Sounds best suit with Love Divine.

Enter Celeres.

Celer. Throughout the Court your Death in Rumours ran,

And I adventur'd to search out the Truth,

Went to the Siege, and saw you in the Sally,

I wou'd not stay, but hither came with speed,

To tell the happy News you were alive.

Aron. Yes, my kind Fortune pointed out the Way,

I thro' their Numbers hew'd out my Escape,

And hither came to meet my wish'd for *Clodia*,

And beg the last Conclusion of our Hopes.

Clodius. Thus then I give your *Clodia* to your

Arms. *Delivers her Hand*

Aron. The Priest shall now confirm what you

have done,

Clodia and Heav'n agree to make us one.

'Tis all the Gods cou'd grant, or I cou'd wish,

How shall I thank the Author of our Bliss?

Thus *Virtue* prov'd in Misery do's ride,

High on the Waves, or rolls along the Tide,

Dash'd on the Rocks, the Winds and Oceans sport,

Yet safe at last enjoys the happy Port.

Exit Aron.

SCENE V.

A Chamber of State.

Enter Brutus, Valerius and Horatius.

Brut. Still noble Romans, Rome is still unsafe,

The

64 The FALL of TARQUIN.

The furious *Tarquin* still defends the Place,
The wav'ring People variously do talk.

A Shout within.
And seem to stagger in their Resolutions.

Valer. That Shout comes from the Capitol.
Grant, grant, ye Gods! that this last Blow be sure.

*Enter Herminius with Tarquin, &c. Prisoners, the
Soldiers Sounding Warlike Instruments.*

Horat. Here comes *Herminius* Victor from the
Siege,

Leading the Captiv'd *Tarquin* by his side.

See how he awes with Majesty his Fate,

Bears a disdainful Fury in his Eyes,

And seeks with fallen Pride.

Horat. Thus Heav'n is just

To our Victorious Arms, and Showers Success,

Targ. Which like the Clouds will vanish at the

Sun,

Villains and Traytors all; but if ye live

To see to Morrow's Dawn —

Brut. Else may Infernal Fires rage in *Rome*,

And thou the greater Curse sit on the Throne.

Targ. Hah! what means the Madman? *Valerius!*

Take him away —

Valer. Madman! that's a Mistake,

He'll prove the Scourge of all your Tyranny.

Targ. What! Rebels all? hast thou betray'd me

Too? *To Horatius.*

Horat. Revenge oppos'd to your Bloody-thirsty

Rage.

Brought me to *Rome*, and forc'd a noble Fraud.

Brut. Answer him not, 'tis more than he deserves,

Since now the Gods have giv'n you to our Power,

Our Justice waits your Banishment at least.

Targ. Hah! oh Heavens! sure 'tis not come to this?

Dare then my Slaves presume?

Valer. Your Rage is vain; for we are Masters now.

Brut.

The FALL of TARQUIN. 65

Brut. Yet that Justice may have its proper Course,
We give you leave to make your best Defence, and
First we deny your Title to the Crown.

Targ. Tho' I disdain to answer, yet proceed;
For noble Deeds deserve a Repetition:

Brut. The noble Deeds you so unjustly boast,
Are such as staggering Reason cannot bear
The first was *Homicide*, then with a lustful Stain,
You mounted to the Sacred Marriage Bed.

Targ. Trifles shou'd never touch a Monarch's
Breast,
And 'tis audacious for our Slaves to urge them.

Brut. Nothing but *Empire* next cou'd feast your
Pride,

And when by Law your damn'd Ambition fail'd,
By Sword, by Seas of Blood you'd mount the Throne:
Then your next noble Deed was *Regicide*,

Oh Horror to relate! did Nature sleep?
Cou'd not the Terrors of that dreadful Act?

Con'd not the Sacred Names of *Father, King*,
His Age or Virtue fright you from the Deed,

But you must dip your Hands in *Tullius's* Blood,
And then usurp his Throne?

Targ. Let Vulgar Souls
Subjection know, but mine for Empire fram'd,

Scorns the dull Paths which tame Succession treads.

Brut. Nor stop'd thy Fury here, when *Tullia*
spoke,

Inspir'd with all the Rage of female Passion,
Then Floods of streaming Gore must dye the Streets,
To quench the Flamings ——— of her Angry Soul.

At this the dull Creation stood amax'd,
Startled with secret Horror at the sight,

Yet thou cou'dst tamely see the good old King,
Gash'd o'er with Wounds, and all besmear'd with

Blood,
To vulgar Eyes inhumanly expos'd,

And drive thy Chariot o'er his Mangl'd Limbs,
Pressing his wounded Body with the Wheels,

Targ.

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Targ. 'Twas bravely done, and worthy me alone,
'Twas such a Deed as made the World to start,
And trembling Nature shrink within its Self,
It was a Deed amaz'd th' astonish'd Gods,
With Horror shook the Thund'rer's awful Throne,
And made great *Jove* appal'd.

Brut. Next *Rome* must in her noble Off-spring
bleed,

So *Marcus* fell, but here behold his Son
Preserv'd to work a full tho late Revenge.

Targ. I'm pleas'd to hear the formal Statesmen
prate,

And censure in Cabals their Monarch's Actions.

Herm. And we're as pleas'd to think that the
Ambitious *Tarquin*, who but th' other Day,
Threaten'd our Deaths, now fears from us his Own,

Brut. *Roman's*! behold the Justice of the Gods,
See here Our Father's Murderer decreed,
By Heav'n, to suffer Vengeance from our hands!

Lucretia's Soul loudly for Vengeance,
To the Gods do's cry on the Pollutor

Sextus, th' infernal Image of your Self.

Targ. The Godlike Image of his Parent's Souls,
The noblest Rape great *Jove* can boast,

Can scarce demand Comparison with his.

Valer. The assembled Gods are waiting for Re-
venge,

But since our labouring Country's freed,
From the Oppressions of Your Tyranny,

The Gods forbid, that by our Hands you fall.

Brut. In that, *Valerius* I with you agree;
Ripe then in Murders, and all Wickedness,

Your Off-spring following your Example,
Rome's Consuls, Senate, and the joyful People

Banish the Race of *Tarquin* from the Throne.

Omnes. We all consent.

Horat. The Army too consents.

Targ. The Army too, base Traitors! I could
tear,

And

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And like a Whirlwind rend your very Souls;
 Gods! that I only talk when Words are vain;
 Why have I not the Pow'r to gorge Revenge?

Brut. You've heard your Sentence, instantly
 away,

Go, and reflect on all your former Crimes,
 Now will your Conscience lash you to Remorse,
 And all the Shades, which by your Hand have fell,
 Will sound a black Contrition in your Ears.

Targ. Meer Phantoms all, I drew my safety from
 Your Fathers Veins, oh! had I reach'd the Sons,
 Then in Rome's Throne I still had sat Supream,
 But I disdain to stay, and not command.

Brut. Horatius, see him hence.

Targ. Curse on your base Designs, perfidious
 Traitors!

Must *Tarquin* cringe to those he shou'd Command?
 Not sooner let united Vengeance pour
 A Stream of Sulphur thro' his crackling Veins;
 But I will try once more, yes, *Rome!* I'll try
 If Monarchs are of moment to the Gods;
 My Soul shall still surmount its base Opposers,
 And see th' aspiring City smoke to Ashes.

Thus when the Giants storm'd the Thunder's
 Throne,

A while on mounting Piles the Rebels Shone,
 But when the God in Majesty appear'd,
 His Lightning flash'd, the dreadful Bolts were
 heard,

And all confounded the Destruction shou'd.

*Exit Tarquin in a Rage,
 well Guarded.*

Brut. He's gone, the Tyrant's gone, and *Rome*
 is free,

From fell Ambition, and despotick Pow'r;
 Did you not see his Eyeballs roll with Hate?
 Which glaring seem'd to whirl Contagion round,
 As if he wou'd have blasted all who saw him.

Horat. Let's therefore instantly with grateful
 Joy, Pay

68 The FALL of TARQUIN

Pay Homage to the Gods, who have relieved us;
Let every Altar Smoak with rich Perfumes,
And every *Roman* Soul with Transport fired,
Start thro' the Clouds of Woe, and sport in Freedom.

Valer. But least some apprehensive Glimpse of
Sorrow,

Some jealous Thought of future Slavery,
Shou'd break into their Minds, and damp their
Hopes,

Let's solemnly assure the assembled People,
By all the Ties of Sanctity and Honour,
That Kings shall never more ascend *Rome's* Throne.

Brut. and } Agreed.
Horat. }

Brut. Surely my Friends, there's something next
divine,

In Majesty, and ev'n the Name of King
Strikes with a sacred Awe — Else why this Damp?
Why shou'd this Heaviness hang on my Heart?
And make my Spirits drop at *Tarquin's* Fall?
Are we not urg'd by Liberty and Life?
Self Preservation, Nature's Strictest Law?
Oh *Tarquin*! hadst thou trod in *Numa's* Steps?
Had but the Care of *Rome* inspir'd thy Breast?
With Sanction, Justice, uncorrupted Right
Thou might have had a rev'rend Homage paid,
And still had sat Supream in regal Pow'r,
But when Destruction is a Monarch's Aim,
And Crouds of Subjects bleed to quench the Flame,
Tir'd out with Tyranny and lawless Pow'r
Recoyling Nature can no more endure,
But hasting flies to seek the wish'd for Cure.
Thus when old Saturn flush'd with pamper'd Pride,
Did the grand Senate of the Gods decide,
Down from the Skies the doating King was driv'n,
And Anarchy a while was held in Heaven,
Till Jove with calm Command the Scepter sway'd,
And every under God with Joy Obey'd,

Let

The FALL of TARQUIN. 69

*Let Kings who glory in their royal Blood,
Shine mildly bright, and eminently good,
Then every Subject emulous to please,
Will Catch with Extasy their just Decrees,
Feed on each gracious Look with ravish'd Eyes,
And mount th' adored Monarch to the Skies.*

Exeunt Omnes.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE
SPOKEN BY
CLELIA.

Written by St. Johnne

4 AP 54

Thus far have Love and my Aronces sway'd,
But a more dangerous Part must now be
[play'd;

Clelia who lately shew'd such coy Behaviour,
Bldly presumes her self to beg your Favour:
Cou'd she but breath into you Tarquin's Passion,
You wou'd not then oppose her Inclination,
But catching every tender Word she said,
Y'n'd praise the Poet, and caress the Maid.
Alas! that Part's perform'd, and I'm once more
The self same dowdy Thing I was before,
Clelia the Lovely, Faithful, and the kind,
Is vanish'd, and the Player left behind.

Ab! wou'd some kind In'elligence impart
Th' Impression we have made on every Heart.
My Prayers shou'd strike upon that very Key,
And win you to be kind in your own way.
How many Husbands are there in the Pit,
Who laugh at Collatine for want of Wit?
What modern Spouse, th' old fashion'd Path wou'd
I tread,

And mourn like Collatine Lucretia dead?
Yet sure some here, consummate Worth will praise,
And plant on Brutus's Brows eternal Bays.

None.

The EPILOGUE.

Now 'tis high time to touch the moving Strain,
And shew the checker'd Work of Joy and Pain
Declare how the alternate Passions rise,
By turns they dance, or drop from Celia's Eyes.
But now when circling Bliss and fond Delight,
Rowl in her Heart, and sport before her Sight,
O do not damp her on her Wedding Night.

C E L I A.

Written by Dr. Towns.

~~These few lines I have I hope I have
But a more dangerous Part must now be
played.~~

~~And who last, I find my Behaviour
And presume: her self is not your Partner
And she has breath into you: I find
You would not then oppose her Inclination
But catching every tender Word she said
And praise the self and all she said
Alas! that I have not said more~~

F I N I S.

~~The self same words I was before
Celia the lovely Fairchild, and the kind
Is married, and the Player left behind
And now I have said all I have to say~~

~~The Impression we have made on every Heart
My Powers should strive upon that very Key,
And yet you to be kind in your own way.~~

~~How many husbands are there in the Pit,
Who laugh at Collins for want of Wit?
What wretched Specter is old Falstaff's Part would
I need.~~

~~And more like Collins I have in dead
Let me have done, I am weary of this
And thus to Celia's Room I now return.~~

Exit

THE
TARQUIN

TRAGEDY

4 AP 54

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